OCCULTURE

T.O.P.Y. WORLD NETWORK

"LAW IS THE LOVE "

THEE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OV THEE TEMPLE

& ALLIES OV THE ESOTERICAL

£3

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

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EDITORIAL

WELCOUM TO OCCULTURE.

WE hope that this magazine gives you the reader, as much pleasure to read as it did to collate. There seem little point in writing a long editorial as we feel Thee Work speaks for its self. While we're on thee subject of work, work has already started on #2, also due out soon is OV MAGAZINE, a glossy multi-colour magazine of mammoth proportions, for details of thee next release of OCCULTURE or OV MAGAZINE, please send a S.S.A.E. to Temple Press Ltd (address below). Mark your envelope in the top left hand corner with Occulture Vulture if you what details on OCCULTURE or put OV for OV Magazine, better still send in for both.

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CHIEF EDITOR — ASSISTANT EDITOR — ASSISTANT EDITOR

MALCHICK NOSTRA. — WORDS. — GENESIS P. ORRIDGE.

WE wish to THANK all those who made this possible with their love, strength and encouragement, THANK YOU.

T.O.P.Y - CHANGED PRIORITIES IN EFFECT
"THEE GRAVY TRAIN IS OVER"

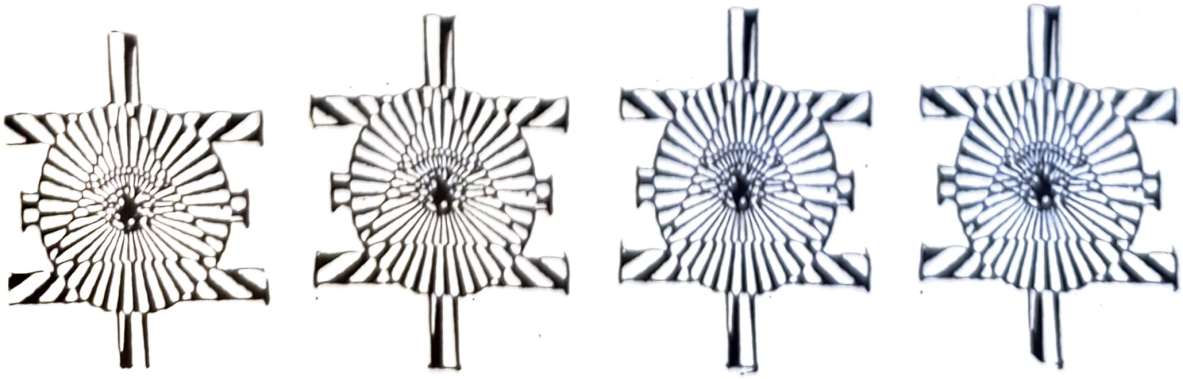
T.O.P.Y is NOW! sure ov its only path. Towards a utopian experiment. All ideas becoum models for L-if-E. They have no choice. As a word is spoken and believed in it gradually receives consciousness, it becoums SENTIENT, and this sentient consciousness that was once perhaps just one persons idea, inevitably, if it is believed in and dreamed enough by enough Individuals, is a being, a BEING in its own right. Thus EVERY GOD, that has ever been worshipped, believed in, DOES NOW exist as a consciousness buried within TIME,which is also sentient consciousness T.O.P.Y has thee word TOPI, which is being B-EARTHED right now. It has to be, that an idea must have thee POTENTIAL to outlive those who receive and transmit it. It MUST develop a L-if-E ov its own. Then it has COUM value. It can be used by others in other Time Zones. It can be thee remembrance that ends loneliness, stops suicide, L-OV-Es children, engenders self-esteem, caring, growth, balance, NATURE, safety, ends loneliness, gives CREATION its rightful place at thee centre ov all. For ART is merely a symbol ov CREATION, thee energy, thee gift, thee craft, that MUST centre us all. A story ov CREATION is telling us that creativity is thee central reason for existence, a CREATION myth is a true story, there is NO fiction, there cannot ever be. Everything everyone says is true. Ah, butter beware, true as a description butter not, NOT necessarily thee WHOLE truth.

Thee T.O.P.Y Individual begins as all individuals begin - a flash ov sperm, a cellular invasion, probably sentient. Thee first miracle ov Time. If T.O.P.Y did not exist thee lives ov thee individuals which constitute it could be pleasurable, effective and rewarding by Normal Standards. But by our T.O.P.Y Standards, by thee Standards of TIME matched against BECOUMING, these are all nothing, valueless.... a submission to the easy course; risk nothing, entertain cerebral ideas to be discussed but never acted upon. It takes little imagination to see that thee ultimate control forces feel no threat from this...for thee last 30 yeras, so called youth movements have been duped into operation with Control (Government, Morality, Church, State, Nuclear Family, etc, all interlinked/interchangeable) to protest/resist within their terms is both valueless and meaningless...they have all the cards in their own game and can easily win on their terms.

There is no implicit value in any THING, there is no genetic promise/reward system built into these crippled animals called humans. Butter, again, we are all equal in bloody origin and from that all things are possible, no things are true...all things are permitted, provided we can accept and L-OV-E thee consequences.

Association with T.O.P.Y is voluntary - you do not owe us anything, nor we you - butter should be ov equal coumittment, and that does not require equal result. There are ratios ov involvement, it is undeniable, there are dreams and there are actions - in T.O.P.Y NOW! more than ever thee system ov meshing them together is at thee forefront ov our expansion. No ONE is better or worse, less or more, except when it is a lie. In thee changed priorities - there is no longer room or time for claiming one thing and doing another. This is what those within T.O.P.Y are fighting (thee refusal at every moment to accept thee false values ov a redundant/stagnant society). False promises, self-deceptions, empty words, obsessions with status, hypocrisy, laziness, inaction and doubt are what we must constantly attack. It is a Full-Time Occupation. Within T.O.P.Y every individual must be truthful to himself, to TOPI, there is no distinction...it is detrimental to both to state aims, make plans ov action when they will not pass beyond empty breath.

We have stated thee simplest truths over and over again. Thee most important Individual in T.O.P.Y is thee Individual who does thee most work, in every sense; gives thee most ov what they have. To give thee most you are able without holding back anything, ANY THING, that is thee goal. And thee gaol. It is quite possible we might have to give up our freedom, our physical lives one day, if thee stupidities ov society coumtinue to their inevitable end. Or we may coumtribute to thee turning around ov THISTORY and becoum truly HUMANE BEINGS. In balance and pure. Immaculate coumceptions. We must dream thee most and crawl towards it forever.



We have all, do all, will all coumtinue to strive and not reach all thee TIME. We've all miscalculated, we all see every day events as thee MOST important, butter they are NOT. We are prepared to risk, give, donate ALL, including our physical and spiritual lives to this quest, this is what we expect and demand from those immediately around us. No one HAS to AGREE. It's fine to just buy a record, a book, enjoy thee ideas and thoughts, knowing your money has coumtributed to coumthing worthwhile. Know as much as you want to do, NO MORE. However, to begin to Sigilise and give ov yourself, to yourself, to T.O.P.Y, to begin that process ov INCLUSION that triggers being awake is not a step to be taken lightly. Don't do it with fear, with doubt, as a fashion accessory, half-HEARTedly, butter be aware ov thee demands, responsibilities, stresses and integration with thee dreams ov other Individuals. Don't do it for status, for power, for gratification ov any kind, or you will disappoint others, yourself and TOPI, and destroy all thee caring and work ov others.

Thee true spirit ov TOPI, thee purest essence ov T.O.P.Y should not be entered into if you are not totally dedicated to thee loss ov all SELF within learning, if you are not prepared to sacrifice all preconceptions, self-image, receive abuse, ridicule, lose money, lose friends, lose everything this world gives in return for only thee slightest hope ov wisdom ov coum kind.

There is no failure in T.O.P.Y, only the failure ov an Individual to live up to their own promises and their promises to T.O.P.Y. Never say more than you can and WILL give. Situations change - again thee truth to oneself and to T.O.P.Y - declare change ov aspirations, there is no shame, no loss ov ego - after all there is no party line; thee very antithesis ov TOPI. You must accept in yourself, your heart, to only attempt what you are able to. No one will think less ov you or undervalue what you CAN/DO.

T.O.P.Y is either an illusion, or a vibrant force made by all Individuals without coumpromise. Thee biggest dream. TOPI is clear, it resonates outwards, it is thee trust ov its own heart...and so must thee Individuals who constitute T.O.P.Y. Thee Edens and Kalis who make up T.O.P.Y can only do so through coumplete trust, through sharing ov their deepest needs, desires and dreams.

There are those ov us who are serious about this. Misguided or not, we do not care anymore. We are prepared and preparing to give it our best attempt, our ALL. No one could ever ask more. There should be NOBODY involved with T.O.P.Y who is NOT giving thee ABSOLUTE MAXIMUM they possibly can on every imaginable level, every single day, every single hour, minute and second. NO PASSENGERS. You are as the old truism says; either on thee bus or off thee bus. Thee choice is yours, and you can change your mind. Butter whilst you are on thee bus, it must be without reservation, without holding ANY THING back. Nothing less is TOPI. Nothing less is it. Nothing less will be accepted.

We feel very positive about this...we are going to coumtinue to tell it how we feel it. Right and wrong do not coum into it. It is a matter ov self-respect, ov self-esteem. We shall not tolerate double standards any longer. Too often in thee past have we avoided upsetting individuals who we've known were weakening T.O.P.Y with their hypocrisies. Too often we've wanted to be liked when we should have been honest. Too often we've given money and TIME to parasitic individuals, leaving neither US nor THEM better off at thee end ov it. Too often we've been a dating agency, or a cheap psychotherapist. We've done ourselves no favours. We've weakened our self-respect.

THEE CHANGED PRIORITIES ARE IN EFFECT.

We truly MEAN what we say, we ALL ways analyse and check our motives, our dynamics, our true desires. Although it has been hard to break thee habit ov requiring LIKEABILITY we have begun to detoxify ourselves and thus T.O.P.Y, thee sum ov us all. For individuals have forgotten. T.O.P.Y is thee sum TOTAL ov ALL thee INDIVIDUALS input. If mean-ness, hypocrisy, sexual coumfusion, destruction ov life, psuedo-magick, false-politeness, disrespect are allowed to be qualities put in then this is how T.O.P.Y will becoum. We are not glad if rejecting these things makes us unpopular, butter we should be ashamed to coumpromise in order to receive an illusory acceptance.

Thee new way is thee original way, butter NOW! more clearly understood. TOPI strives to end laziness and engender discipline. REMEMBER?

MENTIONING THE UNMENTIONABLE
"Money and what its worth"

Thee coumfusion ov T.O.P.Y as a fan club for P.T.V and not a separate entity has been stated many times. NOW! thee hard and only line - whilst P.T.V serves as a highly effective propaganda outlet for T.O.P.Y, were it to cease to exist T.O.P.Y would not. And yet P.T.V has been subsidising thee T.O.P.Y Nett-work to thee greatest extent (approximately £10,000 per yera) since its inception. Members ov P.T.V have worked hard and diligently for little to no reward - which has rarely been matched by many T.O.P.Y Individuals professing coumitment but offering little but lip service.

T.O.P.Y has through Access Points and Stations agreed that it MUST becoum self-supporting, self-financing if it is to grow, develop and have real credibility as a WAY OV L-IF-E.

T.O.P.Y is not a nuclear family where "Mum and Dad" support their offspring until they grow and leave without a thank-you butter a sense that it was their obligation. There MUST be E-Quality ov INPUT on every level, and it must include MONEY and it must include RESPECT for those who give so much.

One ov thee functions ov Individuals should be to feed Access Points; and one ov thee functions ov Access Points should be to feed Stations.

In future NATURAL order must prevail, where thee roots soak up nourishment and draw it into thee tree, sending it upwards to flower and grow, so that it may in turn seed and shelter and generate new air. We all know a tree starved ov water uses up what it has stored then withers and dies. This will not happen with T.O.P.Y.

THEE CHANGED PRIORITIES ARE IN EFFECT.

SOME QUESTIONS - THEE ANSWERS

What are the aims of Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth?

Involvement with Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth requires an active individual, dedicated towards thee establishment of a functional system of Magick and a modern pagan philosophy without recourse to mystification, gods or demons; but recognising thee implicit powers of thee human brain (neuromancy) linked with guiltless sexuality focused through will structure (sigils-in their many forms). Magick empowers thee individual to embrace and realise their dreams and maximise their natural potential. It is for those with thee courage to touch themselves. It intergrates all levels of thought in the first steps towards final negation of the control and fear. TOPY is to instigate individual focus and development, through promoting a personalised system of Magick and self investigation technique, and to parallel this individual project with the advancement of a "neo-tribe" network and Magickal Order of collaboration and communication.

You mention network and magickal order, is there a difference within the structure in TOPY?

Yes, thee difference is thee commitment, an individual can either take out a basic subscription, for which they will receive TOPY mail outs and full bulletins, or they can become an "active" individual within Thee Temple Ov psychick Youth, by the means of submitting sigils and Magick records to thee Temple.

How did TOPY come to be?

TOPY arose thru the increasing dissatisfaction with the pedantic and hierarchical structure of the already established magical groups. Along with the desire to expand magick into every aspect of an individual's life and employing it at all times (TOPI).

How widespread is your organisation?

TOPY has STATIONS and ACCESS POINTS throughout the Western world, as well as increasing numbers of correspondents and allies in Japan and Eastern Europe. The main function of a STATION is to look after the Magickal Order side of Thee Temple and to back up ACCESS POINTS, which are what it says, They are there to DE-CENTRALISE the structure and allow individuals closer and more personal contact.

THEE STATIONS ARE

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T.O.P.Y. STATION 23
P.O.BOX 687
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SHEFFIELD
S19 5UX.

THEE ACCESS POINTS ARE

T.O.P.Y. LONDON, P.O.BOX 1455, LONDON, N4 1JT, UK.

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T.O.P.Y. (HOLLAND), OUDE DIJK 22, 5038 VM TILBURG, NETHERLANDS.

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T.O.P.Y. SOCAL, P.O.BOX 1507, FULLERTON, CAL. 92632, USA.

How do you see TOPY developing?

Personal development, of necessity leads to development of the whole... and as individuals constantly develop, so their input causes Thee Temple to evolve in relation to themselves. Thee Temple's main weapon in overcoming thee insidious hand ov control is our internal exchange of information, and external expansion of propaganda in thee information war. It is selfish to keep things to ourselves. By exchanging ideas with thee Temple and Network we can develop faster, making the necessary connections to remove all unwanted obstacles. Many will and have associated thee Temple with the left hand path because of the use of organic fluids and tantrical magick but association with thee Temple is voluntary - you don't owe us anything, nor we you. We fly no banners or catch phrases. We refuse to be labelled and placed in the deep freeze of categories of restriction. If your looking for a cult, don't look to thee Temple. If you want a order with pre-set ideas and doctrines, don't ring us, we have no tribal bible to thump. If you want the easy way out or need an extension on your parental family, the temple is not for you. If you want something to follow, we suggest you follow your nose. Thee temple ov Psychick Youth is a Magickal Order and Network of INDIVIDUALS, to which, the central core is magickal practice, inner development and constant re-evaluation of self. This is the way of thee Temple, not any temple but THEE TEMPLE,IT IS THEE KEY TO THEE TEMPLE.

Why does the Temple use the prefixes "Kali", "Eden", etc?

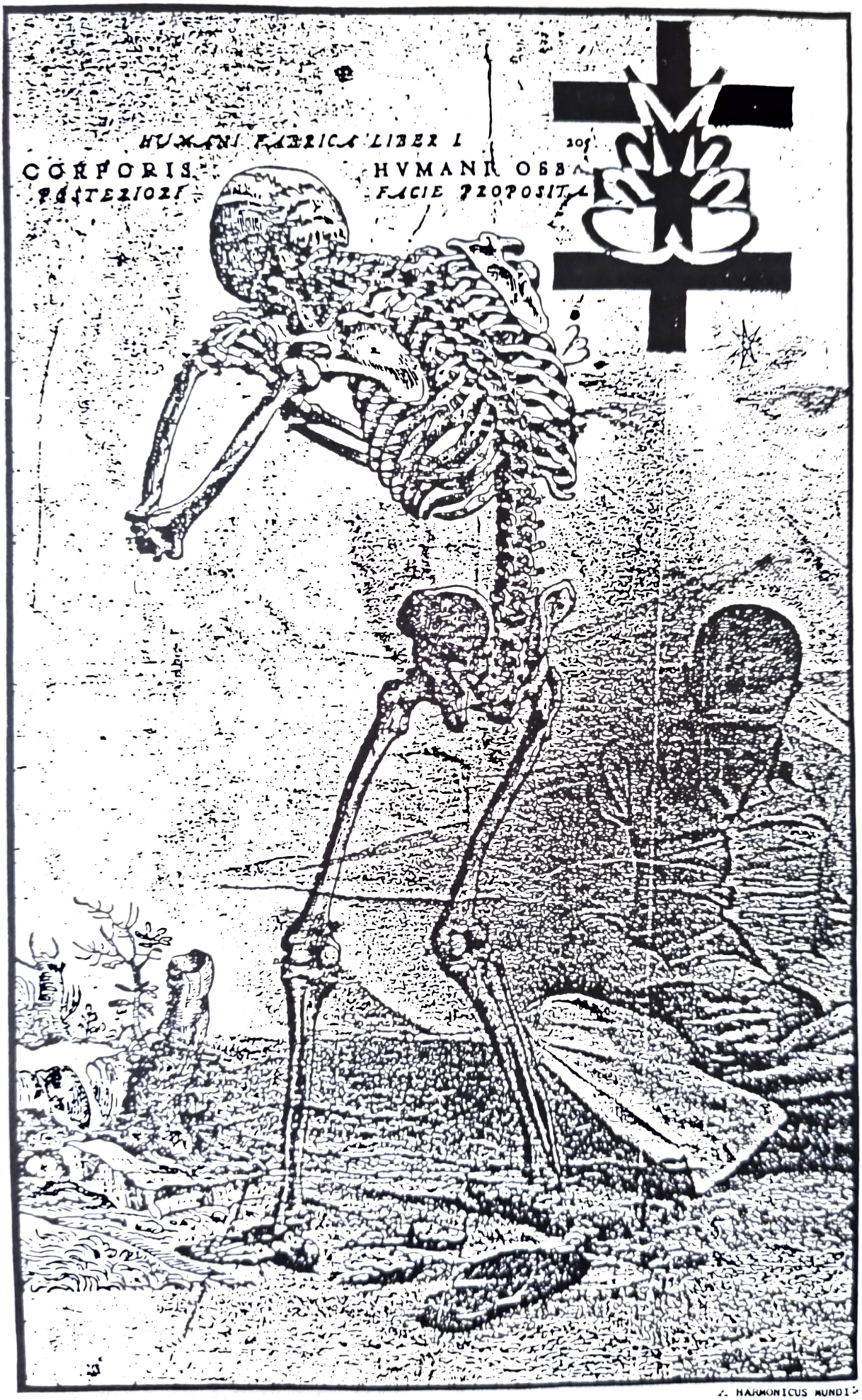
The prefixes "Kali" and "Eden" have no special meaning but are primarily for filing purposes and to promote security. They are also used to avoid any hierarchical notions.

Why do you use a peculiar form of English-thee, coum, etc?

As in all things, individuals allied to TOPY choose which ever form of expression works best for themselves. The use of such words is purely a matter of choice. However, we have found that with the use of these words, the reader pays more attention to what they are reading.

Is Gen the leader of the Temple?

Ha, HA, NO. Gen is as much a part of thee Temple as every active individual, no greater, no smaller. In fact if Gen or Paula or for that matter; anyone, was to leave thee Temple it would make little difference. Many people fall into this 'Gen's the leader' mode, it's simply a trap, they look no further than the public figures within thee Temple, the problem is not ours.


HVMANI FABRICÆ LIBER I 101
CORPORIS HVMANI OSSA
POSTERIORI FACIE PROPOSITA

WITH BOTH HANDS.

Jeff was an ex-scientologist, an unlikely shaman, but so it often goes. The face he turned to the world was that of a drifter; bouyed up by a peculiar brand of techno-terms and a salad of mixed metaphors. Jeff would have us think him a man of knowledge; forever hinting at secrets, conspiratorial asides and sidelong glances at his collection of occult books. He gathered secrets about him like a cloak, weaving them into the fabric of his clothes. It seemed at times, though, that the cloak weighed him down, dogging him with spectres of a dim and distant horror.

In the first flush of the Age of Aquarius Jeff had sought out the masters, both living and dead. Krishnamurti, Gurdjieff, Alice Bailey. He'd done the lot, from meeting Aleister Crowley on the astral plane to sitting next to Kenneth Grant on the tube. Eventually, world-weary with accumulated wisdom, he fetched up on the shores of scientology, cooling his heels at East Grinstead Manor. And from there, through a broken trail of years, fetched up in Leeds six. A basement case; mute testament of the dreams of the Sixties.

I first encountered Jeff at a party, having slunk in on the standard friend of a friend story. There wasn't much action and, not feeling up to worming my way into any of the tightly-knotted conversations, headed for the kitchen. Someone (it was Jeff) followed, the pentagram around my neck drawing him like a magnet. I watched him unfolding and introductory smile, and ran through the probable opening lines, marshalling my standby reactions. Was it to be drugs ? Worth the words if there's a score in the offering. Religion ? Well my carefully-cultivated cynicism hadn't been fed for a while. A lot would depend on whether he was a Christian or a sociology student. Sex ? I doubted it. But by that time, blurred by alcohol and spurred by nagging loneliness, well, you know how it is.

As it happened, it was none of these.
"Are you into magick then ?"
I graciously assented.
"Are you any good ?"
I shrugged, conveying at once that I was non-committal about such things, unconcerned maybe ... but yes, I thought I was good.
Jeff studied me for a while, then reached for his address book. Ripping off a page, he stuffed it into my jacket pocket.
"You'd better be, 'cos I'm going to kill you."
And with that, he spun on his heels and stalked out of the room.

I was surprised by the speed of the exchange, and not a little bemused. I shook my head and resumed my trip to the kitchen. Finding an almost-virgin can of larger, I drank the

encounter away, washing away the brief flutters of fear. "just another acid-head" I thought, at that moment feeling eyes running down my back. Deliberately, in my head a sinister puppet, I turned around, expecting to find the "Acid-head". Instead, there was a flash of domino eyeliner, spiky black mop and pink tongue, caught in the act of moistening purple lips. A surge of confidence swept through me, and my eyes widening to maximum zoom, stepped forwards and closed in.

I'm lost. Confused, no longer sure what's happening. There's an invisible barrier in front of me. I'm ...trapped.The air is stuffy and heavy. It's no good, no matter how hard I try, I can't get out. I'm trapped. I can see light ahead, but it's too bright. Vast shapes loom menacingly in the distance. It's like being on the other side of a wall, but it's so smooth.I can't grasp a purchase no matter how hard I try. I just end up slithering down the sides. My teeth feel awful. My throat's so dry and there's a lingering taste like chewed wood. My head's buzzing so loud I can hear it rising and falling, like a thousand angry chainsaws. Across the barrier, a gigantic shape bends closer. A god, perhaps come to pull my wings off ? There's a muffled booming from the other side of the barrier. Is that how gods laugh. I can't get out, I can't get away. Caught like a wasp in a jar. It got out and stung me and since then I can't stand to be in the same room as them. I'm trying to dig through the barrier, but my claws slide hopelessly across the glass. Catching a flicker of movement, I peer close to glimpse my own reflection. Understanding hits me like a kick in the crotch. I'm a wasp. I'M A WASP I'MAWASP I' MAWASPINAJAR OH GOD I HATE WASPS I'M A WASP I HATE THEM I HATE THEM I WANT TO GET OUT I'M A WASPWASPWASPWAZPWAZBWZBZBZZBZZBZZBzzzzzzzzz...

And jerk awake, sweating, shivering, gibbering with fear. Oh god I'm so relieved. It's so good to be awake. And then the fear comes again. I strain my ears, waiting for the tell-tale buzz that will announce the presence of my nightmare's demon. Perhaps it was crawling into my ear as I slept - no, push that thought away. Waiting, but no buzzing comes, no rustling against the curtain, no silhouettes inside the lampshade. Nothing.

The nightmare ruined my day, so I didn't go out. There wasn't much point. No letters, not my signing-on day, no pressing visits to make. So I stayed in bed reading and daydreaming. No one came to call. I was in a basement room so I didn't feel intruded upon by the world. Briefly, I thought of going down the pub, but that took energy, and frankly, I didn't have any.
That night, I was almost afraid of going to sleep. I was sure I would wake to find some yellow and black-banded horror perched on my pillow.

The next day brought sunshine to Headingley, and the rays streaming into my room seemed to evaporate the nagging fear

that hung in the air. It receded to the back of my mind and jostled for position with neglected bills and bank statements. Out of sight, out of mind. Or at least, conveniently forgotten.

Spring gave way to summer in fits and starts. For the most part, I was largely indifferent to nature's bounty. I'd occasionally walk through the parks and common ground, but never feel bound to flee the city for nearby moors or rivers. Invitations to a Beltain Bop passed unheeded. Instead, I sauntered down the Royal Park; sank a few pints and passed the time sitting with friends. But I couldn't join in the table-talk. I felt so distant. Part of me was still trapped in a jar. Or perhaps I wanted things to be like that.

I sat indoors reading a book. The same book. Over and over. Occasionally, the doorbell rang and I froze. Heart pounding till the caller went away. Once a fortnight I would put on my overcoat and make the trip into town to sign on, nodding hallo to people. Faces I vaguely knew but whose names had long eroded from my memory. Leeds town centre loomed oppressively around me, and it was always a relief to get back to my room. Fortunately the local shops provided all my needs, so I hardly had to leave Headingley at all. My room became the centre of my universe. The hub on the wheel of life. I was becoming invisible, or perhaps fading would be a better word. The worlds of magick held no mystery and my occult books gathered dust on the shelf. Scrupulously avoiding people, I felt no longer taxed by necessity to maintain a social front. Washing went out the window, likewise dental care, hairbrushing and eating properly. Yet I knew the merits of every asian-made samosa in the district. Custard and crisps took the place of cooked meals. And I fucked everyone I'd wanted to; alone each night in my bed.

The change came without warning. Three or four times a week, I had taken to walking down to the all-night garage for a three-a.m snack of sandwiches, chocolate, and juice. I enjoyed these night walks as there were fewer people around, and I could feel a faint nostalgia for the company of others. I slunk through the streets evading any imminent presences, yet drawn by the lights and closed curtains. In truth, I was beginning to savour being an outsider. Or a ghost.

On this particular night, waiting for my order to be filled, I felt a presence behind me. Someone else queuing, probably. Eyes on my back - perhaps some former friend, but of course I wasn't going to make the first move. Picking up the plastic bag of junk food I turned to leave. A hand clutched my arm.

"I thought you said you were good."

I turned to stare at the owner of the voice. A typical Headingley hippie - he didn't look at all familiar.

"I'm killing you, you know. You're trapped in my web."

"What are you...I don't understand..."

And then of course, I did.

"My name's Jeff" said the hippie, "we met at Ruffle's party. Don't you remember ?"

" Y-yes. I think so. I was rather drunk that night. Why have you ... how have you done this to me ?"

"Don't you know ? I thought you were a mighty magician ?"

"You've put me in a pen - is that it ? No wonder I don't like leaving this area. Everything ..my thoughts ,,, they're clouding over. What time is it ?"

He laughed. "You're lucky you know what day it is."

"Are you going to stop now ?"

"Why should I ? Look, it's simple mister so-called magician. Either you die, or you fight to stay alive. Your choice. I'll be waiting."

I was rooted to the spot. Unable to move as he sauntered off into the night. And then my feet came free and I sprinted home as all the devils in hell were after me. In the opposite direction to Jeff.

Back home, I looked, really looked at the tip I,d been living in. Saw the dust, heaps of magazines, overflowing binliner and stale smelling dishes in the sink. And the grey duvet cover hadn't it started off as white?. I searched along the shelves and found some essential oil jars. The labels were faded but the oil went into the bath of hot water regardless. As did I. After a long soak (I had begun to avoid water), I returned,found the last of my clean clothes,and started a long-overdue spring- clean. Restoring order to the heaps of comics that had accumulated on the floor. Among them I found a couple of skin-mags and guiltily sneaked them into another tenant's dustbin. Then to work. Rooting through boxes I assembled candles,incense,altar-cloth and other magical bric-a-brac. The charcoal discs were damp,so I gave my fragrancer a quick wipe and blasted the room with Rosemary Oil-it banishes the parts other incenses don't reach. A feeble sally I know,but I was beginning to laugh my way back to some semblance of normality. I banished so hard my whole body tensed up as I viciously slashed the pentagrams into the air, hissing the words through clenched teeth, flooding the ether with dazzling whiteness of Kether. This was better. I was alive again, and I was going to do my damnedess to make sure it stayed that way. Jeff was trying to keep me in - keep me away from the people; so it was to people I went. I crossed over into Woodhouse - only a few streets from the flat but I almost felt like an explorer braving the jungle for the first time. I plucked up my courage and dragged myself to a friendly-looking door. I was received graciously by the people that I had neglected to visit for weeks, who I had pretended not to notice on the street, and had played deaf when they rang the bell. They thought,so I learned, as apparently many other people did, that I had succumbed to a solitary street skag habit. They fed me. They fed me soup, bread and lentil; and better, they fed me with life. While my stomach was in shock from being crammed with food, I discovered what I had forgotten ... what Jeff's spell (if such it was) had caused me to forget; that I had hungered too for attention, and

affection. I talked for hours, amazed that I had let myself be turned away from the bright glow of company. So I stayed late, and, rather than go home, stayed the night. And in the night I dreamed.

I dreamt of walking along a seashore; the crash of the surf and hum of distant traffic mingling in my ears. There was a pier ahead of me, and as I drew closer to the barnacle-encrusted girders, a figure detached itself from the darkness.

"Well, at least you're beginning to shape up." It was Jeff. "But you can't hide forever you know. If you want to play, you'll have to play to win. Otherwise you'll die."
"Why are doing...?" But he was gone.

Back home, I began to try and sort my head out. Appalled at the blank pages in my magickal diary, I set out a strict regime of banishings, meditations, and yoga. But I still had no idea why this Jeff person was trying to kill me. Had I insulted him or rebuffed an advance ? He claimed that we'd met at Ruffle's birthday party, and my memory of that night was hazy, to say the least. All I could come up with were a few disconnected scenes, like a badly-spliced home movie. Standing on the edges of conversations; drinking god-knows-what concoctions, and finally, under the kitchen table, necking with someone of indeterminate gender. I had no memory of Jeff at all. And then it occurred to me that he had given me a clue. Dreams. He'd made himself a key to the backdoor of my mind, and was sauntering in through my dreams. Whether I could remembered them or not, he was in them, meddling and muddling my thoughts. That he could do this so apparently effortlessly, caused me to grudgingly respect him and, to loathe him. But he was not the only person who could juggle dreams.

Since I couldn't consciously remember Jeff, I tried to recover the memory magickally. A sigil spell did the trick. After six nights of mumbling a meaningless spell-phrase, I dreamt 'true' of that of which I desired. I dreamt of Jeff.

I returned, as an observer to Ruffle Bar's birthday party. It was shot in slow-motion and sepia, with no sound. I saw me thread my way across the conversation-scarred living room, only to be accosted by a frayed-at-the-edges hippie; Jeff. Suddenly, I spotted the movement and mentally 'paused' my dream VCR. I ran it back again, and saw Jeff pushing a piece of crumpled paper into my pocket. Success !
So now I had another clue. Another search commenced; this time trough my clothes. Finally I tracked down the garment in question - a black denim jacket, as yet un-laundered. Inside one of the top pockets, I found a crumpled, knot of paper. This turn out to be a page from an address book. A hastily-scribbled not read 'Jeff Kirby, 221 Brudenell Terr, L6.' Jeff's address.
This gave me a few options. I could go and confront him directly; I could try and get some of the more menacing

squatters that I knew to break his arms, or ... I could try and counter-attack.

The only question was, how ? I knew people like Crowley had fought magickal battles with legions of demons, but I had no idea how this could be done. If I tried anything simple,Jeff would probably wipe the floor with me. Yet I had to do something decisive before his spell gnawed away my resolve to resist. I had to do the unexpected. But first, I needed to distract him. This proved to be simple. I sought out someone who knew someone else who lived in the same block of flats as Jeff, and inquired of them if "that weird hippie" worked or not. It turned out that he didn't. Presumably, I thought, he spends all his time doing weird things to people like me. Well, if he wants to mess with my head, I'll mess with his.

In the next week, Jeff had a visit from the fraudulent claims squad, Drugs squad, had his dole cut off, and a whole string of people ringing his doorbell in the small hours. Small victories, but they all add up. My piece de la resistance was getting myself into the house where Jeff had a flat late one night, and tying a piece of rope between his door handle and the stairwell.

Two nights after this, Jeff slid sideways into my dreams again. I'd been practising, and was learning to guard my back, so to speak. As he appeared, I snapped out of being passive dreamer into being an active participant. Pointing a crystal-tipped wand at him, I tried to zap him with the destructive power of Khamael. It worked, but he didn't have the decency to stay zapped.

"Not bad work at all. You've covered your back and you're learning weaponry. Also, if you want to survive, you'll have to occasionally resort to dirty tricks. Such a pity that it's all in vain."

With that, the dream cracked, I jerked awake. The wand that I had so carefully sanded down, lettered, and consecrated, had split down the middle. My first thought was to blame it on its proximity to the gas cooker, but the coincidence was too much to brush away. Things were getting serious.

I was fighting to live, knowing with a sick certainty that if I didn't, then I would either die, or end up in some semblance of living which was possibly worse. Until now, I had approached magick as though it was a psychological head-game. I'd had some interesting buzzes from mediation, and enjoyed pathworkings and drumming sesh's with other people at the solstices, but never had someone managed to demonstrate to me, so effectively, that magick was real enough to threaten my continued existence. Nothing I'd read or heard had prepared me for this, and so I was running ingenuity and intuition. Know what ? At times, I was enjoying it.

'Got you, you bastard !' I thought, lowering a borrowed camera. A long-range shot of Jeff entering his front door. A photograph and a sample of his hand writing - not much to go on, but perhaps enough. I started to grasp the situation, and

wonder how I could turn it to my advantage. Jeff had obviously established a magickal link with me - a corridor through which he could reach my mind. Maybe, I wondered, I could use that corridor as well. Hunted becoming the hunter, 'n' all that.

I read Kipling's The jungle book, watching a video of the company of wolves, and saw in my day dreams, the figure of Jeff running, running through the streets of Leeds. Panic-stricken and pursued by wolves. At first this was perhaps nothing more than a morale-booster. It kept Jeff's spell from slithering back inside my head. I played with more sigils, and then I dreamt of werewolf time. The dreams came through stronger, and during the day, dogs began to howl when I passed them. There was a sense of something coming closer. What it was, I didn't know, but whatever lay in store, I was going to meet it face to face. On two legs or four.

Gradually, I grew stronger. I knew that Jeff had tried to box me into a limited space and sap my will. I knew what the boundaries were. I broke them, one by one. I spent more time in town and out of town. I visited friends and invited people to come round. I flirted outrageously with the most unlikely people, and generally acted the fool. My self-important arrogance dropped away. In short, I learnt humility, and eventually, humanity. I began to wonder how much of Jeff's spell was already lodged inside my head, waiting for a chance to spring out. Had he bound me using a web of lies that I had, for the most part, woven about myself ? I looked around the flat - it was untidy, but not irretrievably so. I hadn't done my daily meditation yet, but there was still time to fit it in. In short, I wasn't yet perfect, but at least I was making an effort, and knowing that I was going somewhere.

This reviere was interrupted by a banging on my window. I walked upstairs and opened the main door. And stood staring. It was Jeff. Thoughts flickered wildly for a moment - a curse, a sarcastic put-down, a blast of psychic energy. I could even hurl myself at him and he'd fall backwards down the steps....
"Fancy coming out for a drink, then ? " He smiled and held out both hands in a gesture of peace. I looked at him, with his long hair,straggly beard and faded flared jeans. Suddenly he didn't look fearsome any more. 'Christ', I thought, 'I've been afraid of someone who wears flares ! ' Then:
"Okay, why not ?" And off we went. Over the second pint he said "Consider yourself initiated."
"Into what ?" I said suddenly suspicious again.
"Into yourself" he replied. "You needed to be goaded towards death so that you would begin to pay attention to life. You played at magick and you played at life. I only took away that which you hadn't learnt to appreciate and which you thought you could get by without. That's all."
"So what happens now ?"

"That's up to you really. We'll talk. I can't teach you, but we can learn from each other. come around some time."

I did. He could sit for hours spinning tales of dreams, dope and dakini dancers. He could tell you the quality of an acid tab just by placing it on his fingertip. Like I said at the beginning he drew secrets about himself. He'd done the seeker-of-wisdom trip to death. It gave him power, and he fed it further with other peoples credulity. He knew how to make the right moves to the right person at the right time. Not quite knowing how things would come out, but knowing that it was necessary.He showed me death with one hand and gave me life with the other. Through knowing Jeff I came to know a whole lot more people. But I'll never forget the first person he introduced me to - myself.

PHIL HINE

homage to the wolfiable
dedicated to B ~ GRIM87

THE GAME OF THE GODS.

COMMUNICATION TO ALL BRETHREN (INFORMATION)

Brethren, As it is,

At the core of every being is a soul. And in the beginning the soul was pure; an infinite pinpoint of perfection, within the terms of the being; a life source, which is awareness itself and has access to all knowledge, within the reality of the being; a spark of undistorted truth; conscious awareness of all reality, within the scope of the being's existence.

The pure soul is a manifestation of the ultimate truth, because truth is the knowledge of all relevant reality.

Distortion of reality, incomplete knowledge of reality, obscuring of reality, brings about the opposite of truth which is a lie.

Reality is different for every being in the universe. But truth is the same. Because truth is not reality, but the knowledge and awareness of reality.

And the soul is the core of the being; the centre, and the source point of its individual life-force.

Around the soul is wrapped the shell of the body.

Whereas the soul gives the being its infinite nature, its unbounded existence (within the ultimate boundaries provided by its own personal reality), the body, being itself infinite, bounded by precise limitations and governed by specific laws, gives the being its finite existence. It defines it and fixes its position in space and time.

The soul has no boundaries within the scope of the beings reality. It has no dimensions within the overall dimensions of the being's existence. Whereas the body has both boundaries and dimensions, inside the limits of the being's existence.

Imagine a shapeless, formless, weightless, massless pinpoint of conscious awareness, floating free inside an empty hollow sphere. That is the nature of the soul with no body. The ultimate limit of the being's scopé of reality is the inside surface of the sphere. Outside that limit is not relevant to its existence; it is not part of reality.

So that within the terms of its existence, within the scope of its reality, its awareness is complete and its nature infinite.

Now imagine that it creates a finite existence for itself within the sphere, a solid dimensional object, which does have

limits and boundaries; shape, form, weight and mass; and is governed by the laws relating to these things. That is the nature of the body.

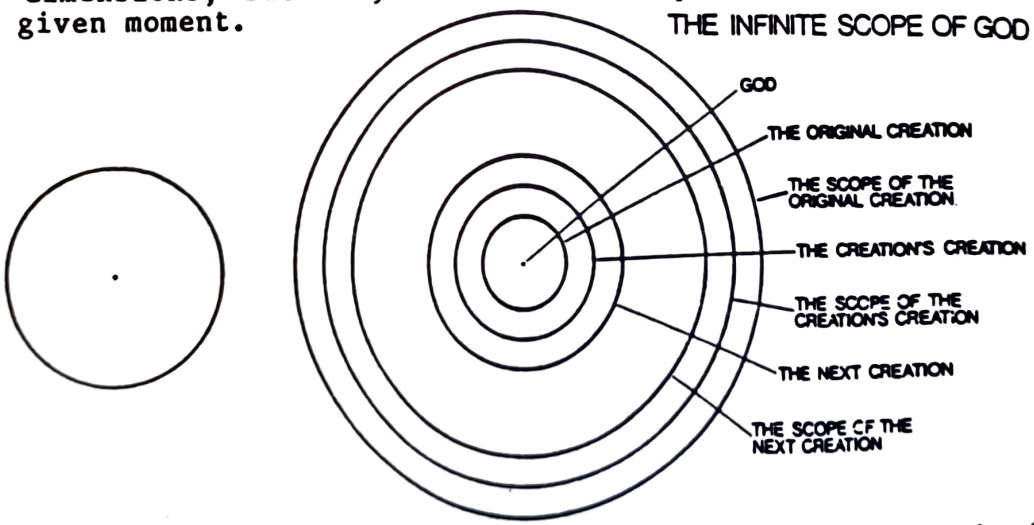
And the soul inhabits the body.

Thus the being has two poles; two points of reference; the spiritual to give it life, and the physical to give it definition; the soul whereby it exists, and the body whereby it defines its existence.

In the space between the shell of the body and the pinpoint of the soul is nothing; void. And the void is the perfect link between body and soul. Its very emptiness and non-existence is it perfection as a medium of contact. Contact between soul and body, in this state is complete, direction, perfect. We speak the literal truth if we say that in the state of purity, nothing exists between the body and soul.

This is harmony; the perfect balance; soul and body in perfect contact.

Both free within their own terms. The soul is at one with the body, and is free, and the body is at one with the soul, and provides no barrier against it. The body gives the soul limits and dimensions, but only as the soul requires and chooses at any given moment.


THE INFINITE SCOPE OF GOD
GOD
THE ORIGINAL CREATION
THE SCOPE OF THE ORIGINAL CREATION
THE CREATION'S CREATION
THE SCOPE OF THE CREATION'S CREATION
THE NEXT CREATION
THE SCOPE OF THE NEXT CREATION

The body derives its existence from the soul, which means it is created by the soul. It has no defined existence of its own that is independent of the soul. Thus the soul, because it has complete knowledge and awareness of its own reality, and because its contact with the body is perfect, has perfect and unlimited control of the body. The body will always respond with co-operation to whatever decision the soul might make- that is due to complete awareness.

No the soul has the power to move the body at will; to change its shape, its form, its nature, its mass, its structure, its weight, its size and its position; or to destroy it altogether and recreate it. The soul cannot decide to change or create the body into a form outside its capabilities, because its capabilities reach the limit of its awareness. and its awareness does not reach outside its capabilities, which would be outside reality.

The soul is the creative element in the relationship; the body is the receptive element. The soul creates and controls; the body responds. The soul gives life; the body receives it. There is no conflict, no rejection, no resistance.

This state of complete freedom; complete balance between the two poles of existence; harmony, contact and acceptance; is a state of union; division without separation; duality without dichotomy; opposition without conflict.

This state of union constitutes the Essence of the being; the central core and the outer shell, in perfect according with one another; the reality and the image; the inspiration and the manifestation; the internal and the external; the substance and the accidence. The union of opposites; the Essence.

Now the soul of the individual is itself a creation. In relation to its own body and its own Essence, it is the creative element. But in relation to its own creator, it is the receptive element.

It is part of a chain of creation, which stems originally from a fundamental life force at the centre of all existence.

This fundamental life force, which is GOD, is infinitely small and has infinite scope. This is the basic nature of the two pole universe; zero and infinity; nothing and everything. GOD is a non-existence with awareness of all existence.

In its own term, the tiny pinpoint of awareness which constitutes the soul, may be infinitely small, just as in its own terms its scope of awareness is infinitely large. But within it is its creator, and the outside its own scope are the boundaries of the scope of its creator. And within its creator is its creator's creator, and outside those boundaries are even wider boundaries of scope of its creator's creator. And ultimately within is the infinite non-existence of GOD, and ultimately are the infinite non-boundaries of the scope of GOD.

And from the ultimately infinite state, GOD creates and thereby defines Its existence, within finite creation.

So God divides Itself into a creative element, the central core of infinite nothingness, and a receptive element, a limited existence wrapped around that central core. And the receptive element, which is the original creation, contains innumerable individual elements, each of which then itself becomes a source of life, and in imitation of its creator, also creates, and thereby divides itself into a creative and receptive element.

And the chain of creation goes on and on, spreading outwards in everlasting circles in terms of existence, and moving inwards in ever decreasing circles in terms of scope.

The nature of creation, pure creation, is such that a being only has material outside itself with which to create.

Its awareness reaches from it creator, within, outwards through itself, through the 'material' which surrounds it, to the outer limits of its reality. Basically that is its complete scope of reality. Nothing exists for it inside the inner limits of that scope,nor outside the outer limits. It can know of existence beyond those limits, through its direct knowledge of existence within them, but it cannot experience it. It cannot feel it.

Now in the pure state, there is nothing between itself and its creator, no 'material' with which to create, no real scope as such, just itself, its creator and the link between them. At that end of the scale it is virtually identified with its creator. In that direction it has no power to create or uncreate or change or modify. In that direction it has no choice. But in the other direction, it has full scope of the 'material' which surrounds it, outwards to the point where its reality ends. And within that scope, it can create, uncreate, change, and manipulate that is its own area of creation, and therefore its own area of choice.

So when we speak of the scope of a being's reality, or the terms of its existence, we generally mean that area of useable 'material', that area of choice, extending from itself as a central creative element outwards to the outer limits of its scope. Taking its inevitable, and in its own terms unchangeable, link with its creator for granted, that is the way it sees itself.

But why does a being create at all? Why does it divide itself ?

In order to define its existence within its own scope. Its existence is already defined within the scope of its creator; but the being itself, because its awareness reaches to the limits of its scope of reality, feels infinite. It feels like a pole of existence. And in its own terms, it is infinite; it is one of the poles of existence. Therefore it creates for itself another pole, a vehicle which is finite in its terms, and thereby it gives itself definition.

The 'material' of creation is everything that exists within the scope of the creator. Before creation, this is an undefined and homogeneous mass. The creator gives form, shape and definition to part of this mass. That is creation. But because in order to do this the creator must give life to the material which he uses, in its created form it becomes a part of the creator. It becomes the creator's other half. Thus the division comes about; the creative element and the receptive element; the part which gives life and the part which receives life.

And as long as the creator continues to give life to the creation, the creation contains, and therefore is, a part of the creator. As long as the creative elements give life to the receptive element, and the receptive element accepts and manifests that life, then they represent two halves of one entity; a division, a duality.

When the creator cease to give life to the creation, when he withdraws the life force, the creation cease to be part of the creator. It dies. But death does not mean that the material contained in the creation vanishes. It means that it loses the power which gave it form and definition. Therefore it returns to its original state of being a homogeneous part of the homogeneous reservoir of existence.

For example when the body dies; in other words the life force from the soul is withdrawn from it; it gradually decomposes and eventually returns to 'the dust from whence it came'. No actual material is lost, only form and definition.

But while life flows from the creative to the receptive element, the form and the definition of the creation remain. There is division and duality.

But division does not mean discord or conflict or dichotomy. In its pure state, it means the balance of opposites; union; two existing as one.

There can be no union without division; no balance without duality.

However, when division becomes separation, estrangement, alienation, two existing as two, either without contact at all with then other or in conflict with one another, then there is no union, no balance.

The Essence of the individual being is the existence of the soul and the body in union with one another; division, but perfect harmony.

The Essence of the Game is the existence of the creative element in union with the receptive element; duality but perfect harmony.

When the creative and the receptive elements are separated, and either estranged from one another or in conflict, the Essence of the Game is lost.

When the soul and the body are separated; estranged or in conflicts; the Essence of the being is lost.

What maintains harmony in division ? And what destroys harmony in division ?

If both elements retain an awareness of their common origin, then there is harmony. If either elements loses sight of their common origin and sees only their difference from one another, or if the difference takes priority over the common origin, then there is separation. Either there is loss of control, or if contact is unavoidable, the there is conflict.

By nature the elements are opposites. Therefore, if there is contact between them, then either they complement one another in a state of union, or they strive against one another in a state of conflict.

If both the soul and the body retain their knowledge that the life force within both of them is one and of the same entity, originating from one and the same basic source, and that knowledge takes priority over apparent differences between them, then harmony reigns. If not, then separation begins.

The life force of the soul - which within the scope of its reality and in relation to the homogeneous mass around it, is itself - and the life force of the body, are one and the same entity. The nature of the soul, within the terms of its existence, is a life force, and in order to create a body, in order to give form and definition and duration to part of the homogeneous mass around it, the soul to project itself into the material which takes from that mass and uses to create.

So both soul and body are driven by the same central power, which is the basic life force of the being. So basically they are two halves of one and the same entity. If knowledge of this is maintained on both sides, then no separation occurs.

THE AWARENESS OF A FUNDAMENTAL UNITY, PRESERVES HARMONY IN A DUALITY.

Then we can say that we have truly returned, and are at one with the inexorable Law of the Universe.The Law does not change. It is us who have changed, and departed from our knowledge and understanding of the Law. NOW it is time to go back and rediscover it, first with our minds, then with our lives, and finally with our entire beings. Then Hell for us has ceased to exist.
So be it.

ROBERT DE GRIMSTON.

MOTHERFATHER OF THE ARTS

The word "magic" usually evokes an image of a stage prestidigitator in evening dress with a hatful of bunnies, a line of patter and an attractive, if underdressed assistant (female). In other cases, we envision a Merlin-like creature in a long robe and a tall hat working wonders and winning wars.

Magick, spelled with a "k", is the reality underlying these poor images, images distorted by centuries of propaganda and ignorance. It's a way of knowledge and action on all planes of existence, a way of life that transforms the practitioner, for good or ill, into a new type of human.

There was a time, long before Christianity, when Religion, Science and Art were the same thing as Magick.

Religion separated first as it fell into the hands of the congregation-supported priesthoods. These waxed fat on the lie of intermediation between an unlettered devotee and the godforce. What had been free and obvious was bottled and sold by venal priesthoods, usually in the form of new mythic "revelations" of sin, damnation, salvation and human helplessness. Visions of hell, graphically told to the young and the trusting, are an effective way to disrupt a soul's self-communion, throw it into confusion and leave it in a state of vulnerable fear.

When civil and military power are in the hands of a venal priesthhod, spiritual, intellectual and artistic autonomy can be called Heresy, with death as the ultimate enforcement of orthodoxy. At times when these conditions prevail, Magick goes underground, guarded in practice by the Magickians. It should be noted, in the interest of fairness, that venal priesthoods are not necessarily deistic, and can be atheistic and holding social theories as dogma.

Science separated next. Perhaps disgusted by the excesses of religions, Science confined its field of interest to the physical world, to what could be measured, observed, counted and weighed. Science created and maintained the fiction that phenomena could be isolated in laboratory experiments, and accurately be reported as "objective" fact. It was an attempt to reach an understanding of the universe, but without its spiritual component.

Since Magick deals with a full-spectrum universe, Science had to branch off as a separate entity for a while. The only non-physical realm Science embraced was that of mathematics. Through math,especially through statistics, the soft

sciences of Sociology, Psychology and Arthropology gained acceptance as legitimate fields of study in the Scientific community. The distance between Science and Magick was greatest from Galileo through Newton to Einstein; the gap began narrowing with Schroedinger and Quantum Mechanics.

The Observer is always part of the experiment. One can know either the momentum of a particle or its location, but not both. It is thought that the Four Forces (electromagnetic, gravitational, strong atomic and weak atomic forces) were one Force for a fraction of a second "after" the Big Bang; the subsequent flowering of our Universe into complexity has its echo in the Cabalistic Tree of Life, a familiar structure to Western Magickians, which has as its ultimate production the Four Elements which echo the Four Forces.

Science is pursuing the material/energetic level of the Universe into the levels that are beyond matter/energy, into the Astral levels which determine the physical level. Magick continues to pursue all levels of reality, including the physical and the Astral, as well as the realms beyond, using the tactics of observation, hypothesis, experiment, thesis and published praxis.

Art, or rather, "the Arts", have never fully separated from Magick. Imagination, Intuition and Intelligence are essential for the Arts as well as for the High Art. Not every attempt at the Arts achieves its aim; some works are flawed, but powerful; some exhibit technical perfection without the essential revelation and/or passion that distinguishes Art from other experiences. The same is true for Magick. Great Art is transformative for the artist and the audience; so is great Magick.

Every one of the Daughter Arts is a version of the High Tongue that alone serves to express Magickal truths in the physical world. All the Arts are geared to bypass the censors of the Mind; these censors were, for the most part, erected by didactic method, and thus are effective at screening out information presented didactically that threatens a present world-view. The dynamics of a dancing body, the insinuations of music, the shaped spaces of architecture, the chromatic forms of a painting can present information to the conscious and the unconscious Mind in such wise as to convey Magicospiritual realities that the censors would reject.

The religious impulse in the West is exploring alternatives to the established, "mainstream" religions. This exploration has given rise to many groups and schools of thought and practice that are as dead-ended as the mainstream religions themselves, and for the same reasons: a refusal to acknowledge the needs of human nature. Most New Age practitioners concern themselves with attaining the White Light in one form or another; other explorers find themselves involved in a cult of some type. A cult here means a group of people devoted to a charismatic leader, be it Christian, Satanist or Eastern, and who value loyalty and obedience over independent thought and action.

The time is ripe for reconciliation among and a new synthesis of Religion, Science and Art under the aegis and coordination of Magick.

What is Magick? How does it work? How does one become a Magickian? How do we reconcile the fractioned factions?

For a solid base of aim and methodology, read the proponents of classical Magick. Aleister Crowley, Israel Regardie, Austin Spare, Dion Fortune, Kenneth Grant, Starhawk and other writers should be researched and studied. Arrange a Temple, with altar, robes and tools. Put into practice what you learn. Learn the disciplines of Yoga, the Tarot, the I Ching, Runes, etc. Practice mantra meditation. Keep a Magickal Record and write in it daily. Dedicate yourself totally to the High Art. Observe events, form hypotheses, test them experimentally, test variations and improvements, observe events, form theses, communicate results with your peers for further testing.

Magick works through the laws of the Universe, many of which have been discovered by Science, many of which have been discovered by Magickians exploring the non-physical realms, many of which have been discovered by Art and Religion, and many of which remain to be found. There are different planes of existence, all of which share a greater or lesser degree of mutual influence; the work of causing change on a given plane is accomplished by using methods appropriate to that plane and guided by a point-of-view "above" that plane.

The physical plane is the densest one, and Science and technology have provided means of achieving many changes here, both on an individual and corporate level. Our seven-league boots are automobiles, our flying carpets are airplanes, communication at a distance is achieved by telephone, television, facsimile

machines and modems. Elements are transmuted in chemical and atomic reactions, life is prolonged through advances in medical science and shape-shifting is brought about by recombinant DNA. There's a yoga-tale in which a chela comes running up to his guru and cries, "Master, I've finally learned how to walk on water". He paces across the river and back. The guru tells him, "O foolish one, how many years did you spend learning this? You could have saved all that time by taking the ferry."

Magick works on the physical plane by weighting the odds, greasing the skids, by seducing Schroedinger's cat to be alive when the box is opened. Physical means gain physical ends; Magick supplies a sophisticated guidance system plus focussed energy to help things along. Much of Magick's action takes place on the astral plane, which consists of a number of sub-planes, and in which exist the Unconscious, emotions, dreams, images of things on other planes, ghosts, and incredible power of our ancient survival-instincts. All physical things have their astral analog, a sort of framework or armature on which the physical is built. By changing the astral framework, one changes its physical analog.

Physical plane Magick is sometimes referred to as Low Magick. Included in this category are spells for wealth, love, fame, health and protection, the development of psychic abilities, and the manipulation of weather, group behavior and international events. Doing Magick changes the Magickian. There comes a point when playing with the world no longer satisfies human curiosity; on the contrary, Magickal world-play reveals the veils of Mystery, toward which the soul is irresistably drawn. What lies beyond?

The pursuit of the answers to that question is High Magick. From whence did our Universe arise? What's the point of human intelligence? How did the idea of gods, goddesses, angels, demons and other entities arise? Just what is this DNA molecule that dictates the shape of an ear or the curve of a wing? (Consider its terrible power to ensure its reproduction, a power oftentimes stronger than Mind or inclination or planning.) Just who is the entity that habitually uses the pronoun "I"? Why and how did the Big Bang happen?

High Magick is the experiencing of the Mysteries and the conveying of that experience to other human beings. Black Elk, a Sioux medicine man, writes of learning a dance from the "gods", then teaching the dance to his tribe. Upon dancing this dance, the members of the tribe experienced Black Elk's vision

for themselves. The pursuit of High Magick changes the Magickian even more radically. The Mysteries as percieved by the Magickian shape his/her consciousness into new configurations, which lead to new perceptions and creation and a need to express the Mysteries to others. Much of the experience is far beyond the power of ordinary language to convey, and so the Daughter Arts are invented and used to do this.

The factions of Art, Science and Religion are reunited in and by Magick, by means of the Magickians who actively practice the High Art. It's simple, but not easy.

It takes all that one has and all that one gains in the practice. One begins with study and observation of the Universe and oneself, in familiarity with the current body of knowledge gained by Science and Magickal tradition. One records methods and results, sets up experiments, shares one's findings, and listens to the reports of one's colleagues. One hones Intuition and Imagination, the abilities of functioning on all the planes, and the ability to abandon everything. It's necessary to confront individual and cosmic Reality in ways that Religion seeks and fails to do.

This is what the practice of Magick offers: the acquisition of knowledge, understanding and wisdom; the power to effect change in the Universe as well as in the hearts of human beings; the joy of the fact that every Mystery unveiled reveals more Mysteries beyond it; the fires of Prometheus to enkindle your Art. In your Art, Magick provides new textures, levels of meaning and imagery, and true Vision. It empowers your Art in that Magick aligns oneself and one's Work with Tao, and reveals to you the Universal, Archtypal, keys of direct communication with the souls of other human beings through the joys of the senses, Mind and heart.

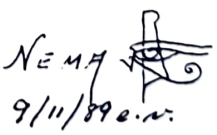
The earth is undergoing a great probability-mitosis in this last decade or so of the Second Millenium c.e. Social, economic and moral systems are in crisis; the dangers to our planetary ecology are finally being recognized and a beginning has been made to reduce and eliminate those dangers. Artists, poets, musicians are the agents of change and the shapers of change. Magick is a Master Class for Artists, Scientists and Priests. Every human being alive functions in these

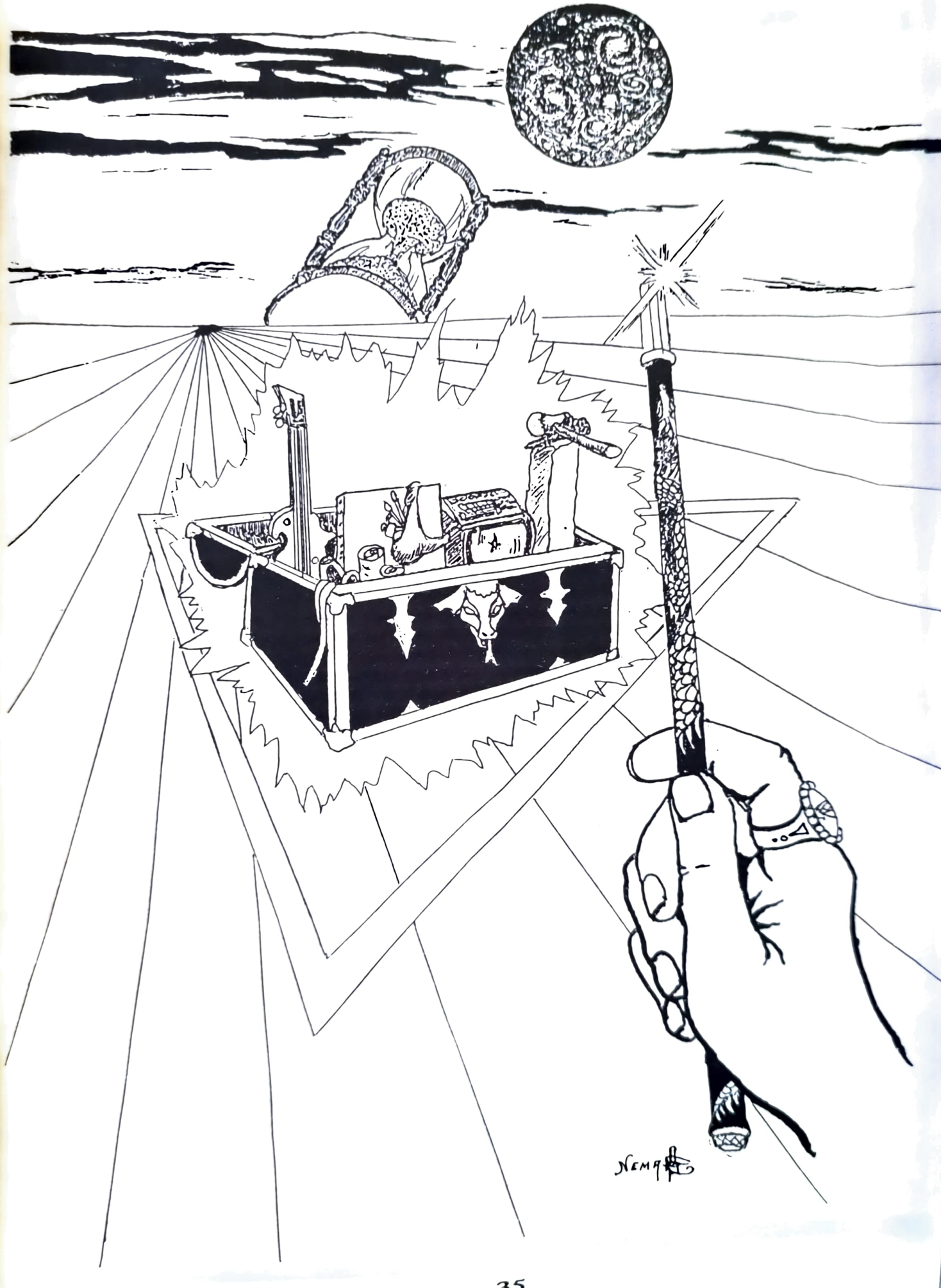
capacities to varying degrees. One's own life and existence is a great Mystery in itself, so we seek self-knowledge; that which we see as our world and Universe around us is another great Mystery, and so we seek knowledge of it also; and when we gain new knowledge, or see old knowledge in a new way, we are impelled by love and joy to share the prize with our fellow humans.

Magickians explore the Unknown, and are the leading edge of the human race. There are Magickians at work who would scorn the title, since little of the true nature of Magick is known to the Uninitiate. Contrary to common misinformation, all Initiation is self-Initiation. Initiation happens when three conditions are fulfilled: a sincere and total dedication to the High Art, the actual acquisition of necessary tools, space and information, and the performance of action required by present circumstances.

New media and techniques for art are being invented with increasing frequency. New audiences are being born and coming to the age of understanding every day. The Underground has led the human race in its evolution of thought, consensus and policy from the Left Bank students and artists, through the Expatriates, the Beats, the Hippies, the Punks and on to the present and future. Labels don't really matter that much, nor the prevailing philosophies. The Underground, in its many masks, has been an agent for change for decades.

It's time that the Underground use all the means at its disposal to break the hypnotic hold that the electronic and print media have on the world audience. It's a strong spell and it takes strong Magick to counter it. The Priesthood of the Status Quo can only be bested by the Priesthood of Change.





SOME NOTES ON THE DEMON OF THE SOUTH-WEST WIND.

"Pazuzu, Lord of Fevers and Plagues, Dark Angel of the Four Winds with rotting genitals from which he howls through sharpened teeth over stricken cities...."
William Burroughs, CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT.

The mighty wind devil of the Assyirian and Babylonian wastelands can be considered as one of the most malevolent elemental forces in the world of mythology. As PAZUZU, this middle-eastern demon has reached popular attention in William Peter Blatty's sensational novel, THE EXORCIST. The film this novel inspired brought the subject of demonic possession into common parlance, but it was left to the misunderstood, atmospheric sequel, EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC, directed by John Boorman, to represent the malefic powers of PAZUZU in an authentic, mythological context as a desert scavenger, bringer of desolation and plague. This was imaged effectively in the film as a vast locust swarm, heralding an apocalypse of starvation.

In his erudite book, THE DOMAIN OF DEVILS, Eric Maple describes the wind demon as the most terrible of all demonic entities, having the power to spread loathsome diseases with his dry fiery breath. The demon has "for a head the almost fleshless skull of a dog" (1) representing death, disease and, as the fleshless deaths head of the desert scavenger, starvation. Significantly, William Woods states in his HISTORY OF THE DEVIL: ".... in Mesopotamia the horned demon, PAZUZU, rode on the wind and carried malaria..." (2) thud emphasising the demon's destructive role as "lord of fevers and plagues". Perhaps relating PAZUZU to the devouring dragon, TYPHON, "angel of the fatal winds", equated with the disease Typhoid.

Another representation of the wind demon can be traced in the Old Testament, where the devil is described as a hairy black creature; a haunter of the desert wastelands. (3)

The idea of the wind devil as a desert-creature may derive from the Egyptian concept of SET, the destroyer, most ancient of the gods, who was represented as a strange dog-like animal, not unlike that scavenging denizen of the desert, the jackal. Kenneth Grant has called this manifestation of Set, SHUGAL "the desert fox symbolic of Set, the male half of the Beast 666" (4) the number of Shugal being 333. The "female" half of the Beast is CHORONZON (333), another pestilential being representing chaos in all its latent or manifested aspects. Choronzon is said to have driven Aleister Crowley insane by his invocation of the entity in the North African desert. (5) Representing the malaise of chaos and destruction CHORONZON is probably one of the most complex symbols in western occultism.

Interestingly, in relating PAZUZU to the concept of the Beast, we find his number is 107. Kenneth Grant states that this number is the number of the angel of Leo, OVAL, the messenger of the Beast (6). Oval literally means "egg", and therefore refers to the aeon of the "daughter," or the aeon of SET, which is still in embryonic form. In many of the world's ancient theologies, this final aeon is the era of destruction, when the messenger of the Beast, PAZUZU, delivers his word: the howl of pestilential desert wind. The ancients may have recognised this word as the dread "great dragon": ATEM, whose number is 440; it is also the number of "to annihilate": "cease", "disappear", and, significantly, "complete" which may refer to the ending of the cycle, as ATEM is also the goddess of periodicity (7) identical to the terrible Hindu goddess, KALI, the destroyer (In Hindu theology, Kali, and the aeon of Kali, the KALI YUGA, represents the final phase of evolution on earth). It is also interesting to note that 107 + 333 = 440. This formula may represent the ultimate blast of devastating wind from the mouth of the "great dragon", ATEM, the Beast of the Apocalypse.

In relating these concepts to the ancient middle-Eastern demon of the South-West wind, we can understand why this symbol was regarded with such awe and terror.As the most ruthlessly destructive demon of the pantheon of nefarious beings, the wind devil represents the destruction of human life itself.

STEPHEN SENNITT.

Notes.

(1) Maple, pg.18, PAN edition (p/b) 1969.
(2) Richard Cavendish: THE POWERS OF EVIL (R.K.P.1975).
(3) Kenneth Grant: NIGHTSIDE OF EDEN (Muller 1977).
(4) John Symonds: THE GREAT BEAST (Mayflower 1973) chapter 11 pg's 126 - 145.
(5) Kenneth Grant: OUTSIDE THE CIRCLES OF TIME (Muller) pg. 133.
(6) Ibid. Pg. 247.

Demon of the south-west wind

Z'EV

Hard-core PTV fans will no doubt be aware that Z'ev - thee performance artist/percussionist - has recently joined thee group's personnel. But music is only one part ov Z'ev's work. Last year he spent some time with TOPI-Nomad explaining his qabalistic work which he incorporates both in his writing and performances.

Thee principal method Z'ev utilises is that ov manipulating thee 22 Babylonian letters, which in qabalistic tradition are thee 22 letters ov Creation. More commonly these are referred to as "Hebrew", but he prefers thee term 'Babylonian' which reflects thee fact that thee system ov hieroglyphs was imported into thee Judaic tradition following thee Babylonian exile.

Z'ev explained that when he approaches a traditional text (such as Psalm 45), he starts by disregarding thee traditional English translation which has become corrupted, and in his words, 'perverted'. Rather, he goes to thee root ov thee text, taking it back to its Mother tongue, and re-translating through what is essentially a continuing oral tradition. Z'ev explains: 'The Babylonian is a double system. There's the 22 consonants (letters), and another system ov vowels. And each letter can have more than one vowel attached to it. So from a 3-letter word there are many ways in which the letters can be pronounced, each one of them having a specific semantic meaning. This opens up tremendous potential for what a text can mean, and is where the development of different Qabalistic schools came in. It was how your Master taught you to pronounce a word that suggested a particular interpretaion of a text. The texts are ultimately transcriptions of an oral tradition.' What this means is that any text can produce a number ov meanings, according to how it is sounded. There are also methods ov transmuting thee alphabet through ciphers whereby entirely new levels can be found. For example Z'ev spoke about translations ov some ov The Dead Sea Scrolls where what were originally seen as legalistic texts became quite clearly mystical tracts when passed through this process.

If one looks at Psalm 45 and compares it with thee standard Biblical translations, one can see how much is generally lost to us. For Z'ev, thee Psalms are 'the ultimate qabalistic treasure-trove.' He goes on to say that 'the Psalms themselves are an amazing collection. In qabalistic literature they talk about a "mythical" Book of Adam. And yet, one of the Psalms is called "The Book of Adam". So this major text exists. It's just one of those little hidden things. The other thing is to completely ignore the normal English translations, where it is all Blood and Gore and Gore and Blood. It's just insane. Reading the translations I get sick by how perverted it became.'

In future issues of OCCULTURE we will examine in detail some initial methods taught by Z'ev. They are remarkably simple to grasp and use. Now however we will let his work speak:

THE SPIRAL PROCESSIONS

-procreational rituals related to the mytotic mysteries-

a translation of Psalm 45 based on oral traditions

(for 45 is the secret nature of the world of formation, and in Psalm 45 are concealed the names of: the Daughter of the Grave and the King Beyond the Dark Mountains)

Received Nov.1984 San Francisco, Re-rendered Aug.1989 Amsterdam

-for DF & BS

1.

O sing of endurance
O sing of the light which is red from above and about

Behold the foundation of change:
repeating is-and-can change the six into marble, sleep into scarlet, wine against a white grown to be cold as this cold calls the ice, frost, and hail

The heart beats, repeat change
The heart beats, glistens, divides and combines the dew and secretions which are drawing to skin

This skin attracts song
This skin feels the change of the songs that see and forsee the face of the sun as it rises with hope the sun rises the raising of troops drawing out the beloved hissing with secrets a'flame growing white, glowing heart hot emotional flames brought forth frothing in whisper

for these

are the whispers of dark birds of mercy, the mother of myrrh, and the vine

Hearken for she sings forth in knots:
" I am the womb, and the beauty of no-thing
I act through the Great Bear; preparing the offering murmuring murmurs:
I am the creeping of life in the kingdoms
I am being
I am wrapped in the rapture of fruit and fruition "

Behold the limitless light is the presence of beauty:
whose face is anointed enticed by the heart to grow and glow dark
Dark as the blood of the entrance
Dark as the Mars of the power of blood

Before this powerful blood the face blushes, formed as the fruit in their clusters; the paths to-and-from life, sparkle and touch to kiss closely rest and caress their flame they arise by the favor of mercy of grace about the gate at the middle, the force sound of boiling; the boiling sweetened to boil and entice through anointment through the perfuming breath of the name:

"Long and Suffering"

which is clear bright and clean a'dance on the waters softly and tender and engraved with the words:

"rest here" "it is so"

After this, it is so
It is so soft and tender

O while we are so soft and tender, we eternally kiss close the waters through song and through dance drawing a circle that's round, that is glowing and burned by the sword of resemblance and balance, of woman and form

For this is the sword breaking forth through the window of weeping, that in stirring the fire sets free the being and face of the Moon

Behold its wonders fall into power. Its wonders strong power. Its powers the choices of: the body, the crystal, the cistern, the offering, and the divisions of entry and union as they fall into power

Yea wonders strong powerful veils of resplendance: the ways that both sustain and transmit the generational pyre through virtue, reflection, and essense joined in reflecting the fire that inspires both the shape and the form of the circle

O call forth dews beauty; the joints, jaws, and cheeks of secretion in turn, turn to answer; reposed in the circle: the form of the shape of true speach speaking out; swearing of nature and fruit and fruition

Yea asleep in the waters be ye firm as cold waters, as marble: asleep as the scarlet, asleep as the waters of change

2.

Behold stirring embers fall downward. Yea behold as the woman appears to the worlds. O the woman appears to the worlds with the powerful ways of the heart, strong with wonder
And woe to the kings of the warm earthen life
For surrounded, the red warm observance surrounds them

O observe with compassion; the path forces of:
the daughter, the daughters, her dance and her song

O receive ye then time and distinction: the troops of the sun forseen through the thundering bolts

Behold ye the mistress of measure, who joins the joints of her beauty in the depths of her cistern. She turns to the filaments silver and grey, and she weaves the webs closer

O she walks through the kingdoms of old and regards there the brides and their daughters; brothers and sisters where the breath glowing passions of giving give love, giving heat without flame splitting into 2 virtues: the owl and the vine, which come out in turn through voluptuous heavens they answer in turn; repetition, coition: the grinding of waters, their rejoicing with pleasure:

" O we that are wearing the web of the garments and the garments of webs
We are drawn after clouds; astonished and smooth and apart
We regard the desolate waters. We are perfumed. We are light
We are partners in sacrifice. We are light as the mist, dark and tender violet light sight of skin "

The skin then speaks: saying strong with a strength like the owls wings in flight light for the wisdom behind the dark mountains; hidden place of rejoicing, hidden place of embrace:
The high place of silence
The face of the altar
The sparkle of daughter
The gathering entrance of the 100 stars: proud like the waters like the light which illumines the morning. For we are there clear to be called from the silence, formed from the paths and their forces. O we are called into being. Into beings that swell with desire, that swell to desire the chariot road to the treasures of pleasure

3.

O familiar with mistress and middle gate darkened we're
hidden in stains on the body of woman
The woman of age, womb, and bosom: the source of all water, of fruit
and fruition, of the doors of perfection

Hearken to the dark red name of the red jewell which is serving the master, which is serving the mistress; the both of them joined in the dance of the daughters to the name rising on wings, wind to coition: the name raising there blood which makes the mouth of light water, a water of mercy and grace, firmness and power

Behold, we reach with our hands: reaching over the ancestors, over the daughter, and over the embrace of the grace of the grave to embrace the wind scatters the mistress of vapor and cloud
Her wind weaves foundation through the heat of the heart and there whispers the whispering 6 prostrations hiss hissing of 6 lustrations

Behold the whisper and hissing which shatters the heart:
" O do we rise and appear as the dance of the daughters
O do we turn to the paths and their faces prophetic
O do we gather the present, brought to rest in becoming the
presence of cloud dark and dense
O to be light, sound and voice: in motion all outside the
circles a'framing the doors of the spiral processions:
those Bridal and Burial proceed through the frames of the doors both
enflamed and in flames, at once as the daughter of names, as the face
of the mother of slumber, and their towers of substance interwoven forth
from their vessels in fruition signalling fires shining like gold glowing
coals, sky blue in the dark " .

4.

O hearken to the oaths of deaths vow:
the 2 double pillars, the 2 double forces

Behold their faces:
First in the presence of beloved and vulture and
then in the presence of the womb and the matrix, the both of
them spiraling through the dancing kingdomed world songs of the daughter

Behold we are strangers united to enter the circle of
honor and glory as the owl and the old wine, the wine
spilling stains that extending then opening pleasures and
hungers of old pleasure spilling stains at the entrance of
age and repose soft and tender and taking good care of the
moisture, the secret secretions of mistress and master; beings from
out of which darkness proceeds to gather and look upon
no-thing looks upon darkness in the form of a circle shattering
vessels and gathers the shattering vessels of no-thing:
he-himself she-herself

For here is their beauty combined into no-thing and something and choice

5.

Behold that combined in the circle are:
the fruits in fruition
the nethermost waters
the spreading of night
the desolate daughter
the still secrets and their whispers and hissings:
" O be ye bathed and cleansed and prepared in preparing for
the grace of the pit, the very first mother, and the truth of
the daughter "

Behold the Bear lets fall the owl and the vulture regard their hearts
sound of the waters sound of the transforming songs and their dances:
the circle the pit the cistern the arch

For these are then strengths as the earth bringing brings forth both
spiral processions and then names: the name of repose and the names of
repose, the all of them drawn out of the waters and awakened with
skin forming all thoughts of the all are a sacrifice all offering actions
appear as the bush, which while burning burns clear in slow fire joining
wisdom and knowledge:

understanding the sacrifice highest of all

THE ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON.

HISTORY

The E.'.O.'.D.'. is an occult Order descended from the Sirius-mystery cults of ancient Sumeria, Babylon and Egypt.

It was re-earthed in the 1930's via the fantasy fiction of the New England writer, Howard Phillips Lovecraft. His work presents an internally consistent cosmology, constructed through the literary realization of the author's dreams and intuitions. This cosmology has since become known as **the Cthulhu Mythos**, after its central deity. Lovecraft's stories and novels contain hidden meanings and magickal formulae unknown even to their creator.

Lovecraft was an introverted and reclusive writer who professed a rational, mechanistic view of the universe, despite the glimpses of the strange places and entities beyond the world of mundane reality which he experienced in dreams. He never realized that he was himself the High Priest **Ech-Pi-El**, the prophet of the coming Aeon of Cthulhu.

However, Lovecraft left behind the Silver Key to these mysteries in the form of his fictional opus, and in his character, Randolph Carter, who appears in four of his tales. This character assumed an independent existence during, and after, Lovecraft's life. Following many years preparation, Randolph Carter refounded and revived the E.'.O.'.D.'., eventually transferring Directorship to Frater Zkauba before disappearing into a Grand Magickal Retirement. In turn, Fr.Zkauba was responsible for selecting the original 23 members of the reformed E.'.O.'.D.'., at that time the only initiates of the Order.

In 1986 e.v., Soror Azenath assumed the XXIII Degree, and a new phase in the evolution of the E.'.O.'.D.'. was begun. Many new members were admitted to the Order, and Eleven Lodges in the Outer were established, relating to the eleven Sephiroth of the Tree of Manifestation.

Now, with the ascension of Frater Nephren-Ka to the position of Director, the Esoteric Order of Dagon moves into preparation for the imminent realization of the Aeon of Cthulhu. The Web of Lodges now spans the Dark Plant, alive with emanations of the Dreams from R'Lyeh. Large numbers of people are experiencing contact with the Great Old Ones, mostly in dreams and nightmares...the E.'.O.'.D.'., urgently requests that such individuals contact the R'lyeh Grand Lodge, for the time is right for those who have heard the Call to enter the Temple of Dagon. Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!

STRUCTURE.

There are three secret societies with connections to the Cthulhu Mythos; these are The Cthulhu Cult, The Starry Wisdom Sect, and The Esoteric Order Of Dagon. The membership of these groups overlaps, though each has its own degree system.

The Esoteric Order of Dagon consist of six Degrees.
These are:

Honorary Member (0 *) - an individual who has submitted evidence of their magickal creativity in the Great work (the only formal application for entry into the E.O.D. , which must be approved by the current Director).

Initiate (I *) - required to proved a record of a suitable magickal working which, if judged 'successful', would merit the Initiate grade.

Lodgemaster (X I I I *) - charged with the authority to formally open and maintain a Lodge of the Order (under a charter issued by the Director).

Adept of the Abyss (X I *) - permitted to those members who have transmitted fragments of the original Necronomicon, from beyond the Abyss (Daath).

Director (X X I I I *) - the Outer Head of the Order, this individual is the embodiment and messenger of the Dreams from R'lyeh. On a mundane level, the Director is the editor, publisher and distributor of all primary E.O.D. sponsored publications.

Grand magickal Retirement (*) - after their term of office, Directors attend to their own personal Work in solitude and await further transformations. They rarely become active members again.

Before entering into a Grand Magickal Retirement, the Director appoints a suitable successor - the periodical transferrance of this position to different members ensures fresh ideas and directions, and avoids the rigidness and decay associated with traditional organisations.

Publications

The researches and findings of the E.O.D. are published in newsletters (such as **'THE PYLON'**), and in monographs from individual members. 'The Miskatonick University Press' also specialises in publishing occult interpretations of Lovecraft's writings (see Cults of Cthulhu, Frater Tenebrous). A journal of the E.O.D entitled **FRAGMENTS**, is also forthcoming, drawing upon the Order's extensive archive material.

Philosophy

though the initiates of the E.O.D. do not believe in the absolute existence of the deities as portrayed in the Cthulhu Mythos, they find Lovecraft's work a useful paradigm for gaining access to the deeper, non-rational areas of the subconscious. The oneiric origin of Lovecraft's stories is a crucial importance here, in pointing a way of access to parts of the human mind which are identified with alien and (literally) nameless horrors of his fictional iconography.

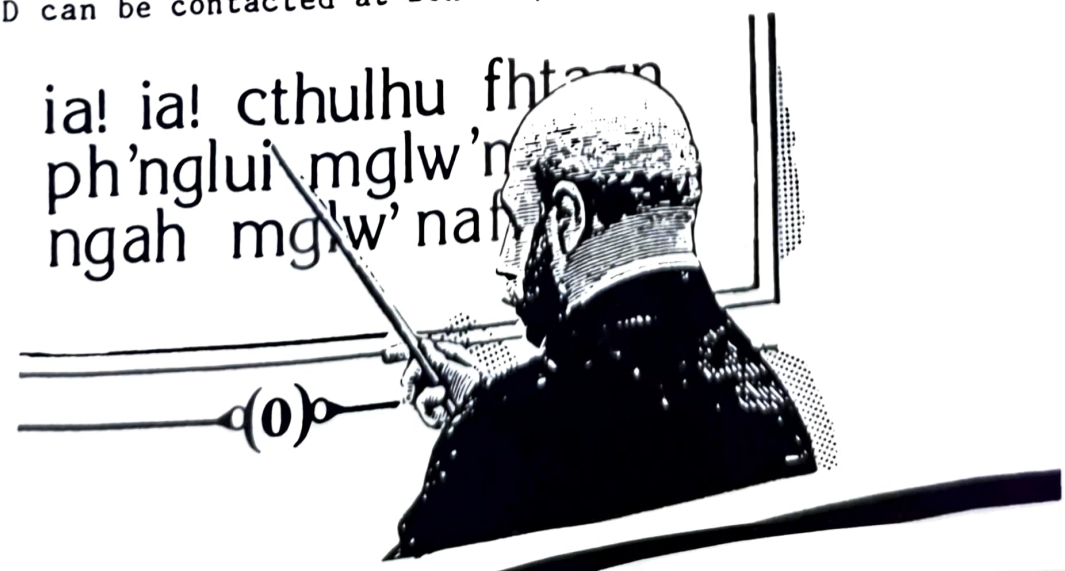
The Church of the Tentacle.

The dark wheel of the Aeons turns and comes full circle. Above the frozen earth, the stars fall together in sigil-patterns of return. The Old Ones watch and wait. In the hidden and secret places, their Servants congregate to praise Them and to prepare the way. Great Cthulhu is their Master - he sends them dreams and visions of the way it will be, after Earth is cleared off. He sleeps now in his sunken tomb, but the edge of his dreaming touches the fragile minds of men, driving the weak insane and strong to worship.

An Order waits as of old. They haunt the dark woods and empty deserts where the Old Ones have trod in long-forgotten times. With unconscious hands, they mould in clay the images of their Gods, guided by the Dreams from R'lyeh. In the subterranean Temple of Dagon, they perform the rites of evokation in silence, eyes blank and staring. The astral light swirls and coagulates around their black-robed forms like radioactive milk, talking the forms of weird, larvae-like entities. With the tentacle-wand, the Magus traces the Elder Sign in the air above a rock bowl-fount, underlit by green flouresence. Fathoms above his hooded head, Leviathan stirs and shifts in his slumber, clouding the deep black waters with silt.

Ia! Ia! The Night of the Deep Ones is upon us! The Eye in the Tentacle shall open, and the Great Lord Cthulhu shall look upon the faithful of his Church once more. Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!

The E.O.D can be contacted at Box 175, 52 Call Lane, Leeds, LS1 6DT, UK.



WALLY HOPE: A MORALITY PLAY IN SIX ACTS

Scene One: Stonehenge Festival, Summer Solstice '73.

A Mercedes pulls up at the perimeter fence of the field which contains a group of ancient stones and lots of sleepingbags. A young hippy gets out of the car, saying "Thanks man", and walks up to the gate, climbs it and wanders round the site. At the top of the sloping crest, overlooking the Stones, is a synthesiser desk. A blonde, bronzed figure is talking through it. The message is simple, though nearly inaudible through the sound effects. OK, so this crazy figure is spouting cosmic gibberish through the mike. The hippy, unimpressed, wanders on and meets some friends from his town. "Who's the nutter with the synth?" "He's not a nutter, he's Wally, he organised the festival".

There were those who thought the Festival was a bad development. "Spiritually" inclined persons accustomed to performing vigils there for years previous to the festival were sceptical to say the least about the idea. My recollection of the individual who dropped me at Glastonbury Tor that morning prior to my hitching cross country to the Stones bears this out, he thought a rock festival was out of character with the Stones. This same individual had given me an engraving of Blake's "Orc" which had frightened him by falling off his wall a couple of times, so it is possible that these people just had no guts! In actual fact the festival was intended to be a spiritually motivated event, Wally was a passionate mystic of the Albion tradition, to whom William Blake's fiery vision was sacred, and Stonehenge it's primary icon and rallying point. In effect Wally recreated a pagan festival in the midst of a cynical and materialistic world of "dark Satanic mills". He also knew exactly what he was doing, behind the fevered rhetoric and "cosmic gibberish" lay an inspired and meticulously planned strategy.....

Scene Two: Its very hot, at the peak of Summer, but wakening in the open air next morning it feels cold my sleeping bag loses feathers in a great cloud as I get up, it looks for all the world like snow. Wally appears at the fireside. "Get up and greet the Sun, he'll come up 'he'll shine". And he does, while Wally brews up the best coffee you ever tasted in a steel mess tin coffee kit. A stuttering biker joins the fireside throng. His studded armband draws Wally's comment "That's real Viking stuff" he says, and see then, this guy is no peace freak, Wally wears a Black Watch kilt this morning. He's wearing it because it's a specifically military Highland tartan. He's a Sun-worshipper, he's Arthur of the Round Table, his money goes on making his people our movement strong. Festivals, tipis, materials and machines for his people. And ACID, "Long Sunny Daze" he says. But it's not Love and Peace, it's LOVE AND WAR he stands for.

Wally Hope aka Philip Russell knew exactly what was required to establish a pagan festival in modern times, and to ensure it's guaranteed duration. To avoid it becoming yet another limited, closet conspiracy of no meaning or significance required one major step. The

important thing was not to enforce lip service to some utopian ethic, but to establish a separate culture capable of sustaining its own identity, and thus evolve an enduring ethos or world view of its own. It was not sufficient for weekend outings to commemorate the past glories of pagan britain and the Vision of Albion, before returning to their conventional lifestyles. The important thing was to establish an independent cultural vehicle. Instinctively, or through education he realised that with a separate mode of life a fully developed culture could develop, making sense of its experiences in it's own way. For this reason he encouraged both the tipi-people and the travellers in what ever ways he could, people who depended less on the state than on seasonal modifications of their lifestyles; good times for travel, good times for growing crops, points in the calendar at which to gather at various places around the country and celebrate in the fashion appropriate to the time and place. The viewpoint of a traveller differs radically, for better or worse, from that of a city dweller, in much the same way that say, a feudal society depends on land division and military obligation, and is impossible to sustain as such in a nomadic or even a heavily urbanised society. For the movement to succeed it had to have not so much an alternative point of view but an alternative lifestyle in which that point of view could develop, and in which the view-point made concrete - rather than abstract and utopian - sense.

Scene Three: Okay, so I'm impressed now. He is alive, awake, and he spreads his enthusiasm like the rays of the Sun. He never sets himself up as a guru, but you kind of picked up on his enthusiasm and energy, and added to it in what ever way you could. Get this point clear, I was not a Sun-worshipper particularly, but his influence made you contribute your own thing without contradicting his. I remember at the Wally squats, after the Wallies were evicted from the Stones, Wally arrived one day. I'd seen him last, somewhat briefly, in London outside the Meat Roxy with some colourful surreal landscape painting tucked under his arm. The Meat Roxy was a squatted disused cinema, frequented by hippies, alcoholics and entertainers for music and mayhem. He'd said then "Get out of the cities! "I knew what he meant. This time though, at the Wally squats I felt uncomfortable to see him. I knew the squats weren't up to the ideals we'd started with. Out of the cities? Yes, but we'd brought the cities with us to Amesbury. We were growing some vegetables in the garden where this meeting took place, and it was warm and sunny, but something was wrong. It probably started to go sour at Windsor Festival, I remember wally talking to the Press there, about a guy wearing half a pair of trousers, and about work, he approved of working for a living. But the Thames Valley Polices mashed the hippy dream at Windsor Great Park, though the syringes in the grass and the blazing tree showed it was already dying. Dying, not dead, I saw the Hare Krishnas rousing our little pocket of resistance round one of stages with drums and chanting, saw them trashed by the hated pigs. I saw a young guy from my fire with blood pouring down his face, saying "don't fight them, turn them on", I wish I could have fought, I wish I could have killed them all!

Apocryphal Note: Wally is said to be, with what accuracy I know not, the gaelic word for "elite warrior" alternatively it stands for Wessex

Anarchist Libertarian League of Youth.

Scene Three continued: Later, after Sundown in the kitchen of the most notorious squat ("there is a house in London Road, it's number 51, and it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and I'm glad to say I'm one".) he and I discussed the magickal aspect of the Wally ideal, I was lauding the Moon and even denying the physical fact that she derived her light from the Sun (A Vedic superstition I'd acquired and repeated without thinking). Wally Hope was still a walking Apollo, but there was division between us all, the cities were winning.

The Wally squats were a mysterious place, even though the real home of the Wallies was Stonehenge. two miles out of town, and the track beside the site where they had squatted for two entire years, backed by various festival aid groups, by donations, by Wally himself from the fortune he had inherited, and which he spent without stint on our growing community. International Press attention was frequently focused on the Wallies of Wessex, Special Branch were frequently investigating its scatter-brained subversion. Pilgrims flocked from around the world to meet these champions of the alternative society Wally? With sound sense he remained apart from it all travelling and spreading the word, involved in other projects, of which we had hardly an inkling. I learnt more about ritual magick trying to keep a lid on the place in one year than most occultists do in years, there were at least three permanent magick circles in the place, and one communal Temple room for everything from Krishna feasts to Enochian magick and back through Zen and Tai Chi. There was also a hot line to the folk making the best acid in the Western world. We got visited by followers of Rudolph Steiner, by British Israelites, Satanists, Druids, Theosophists and every kind of Christian imaginable, we discussed alchemy with Jungian inclined Catholic priests, practised karate and wrestling, samurai swordsmanship, and most of all ritual magick. Anybody could come in through the front door, and we had our own ways of getting rid of unwelcome visitors. Occasionally we attracted the attention of gangs of hooligans and thugs, who where usually either beaten soundly or invited in for tea, and less innocent stimulants. The local army camps had numerous encounters with the Wallies, to the extent of three hundred desertions in one year, so the story went, and I can well believe it. So friendly did we become with the local squaddies that we frequented the Naafi as regulars, wandering into the camp without so much as a challenge, being shown round US War planes during joint manoeuvres. We had full bad weather survival gear, tents, food, cutlery, anything we wanted, supplied by military malcontents. On occasion we spent entire weekends at the barracks as unofficial guests and on one occasion I was asked to supply one of the more naive of them with a gun. Enough is enough I thought, the rumour mill is getting out of hand. How out of hand the situation was nobody really knew, it all seemed to be such a glorious giggle.

Scene Four: Wally outside the squats, going off to get busted for Acid, to defend himself and his drugs on religious grounds, to get put in Mental Hospital and be poisoned with Largactil, the drug that takes you down instead of up. He got fed more downers than both the Kray twins put together. We had the second Stonehenge festival without him.

No-one seemed to know where he was or what was happening. I guess his mates of CRASS fame did, but there was no contact between them and the Wallies. Two hippies got on the stage and ranted at us about putting some energy into the Festival, to go down to the Stones and raise some energy. There was none, just drugs and fast food and empty headed fun.

The Acid didn't belong to Wally, he took the rap for a young runaway, sure he could use the opportunity to his own ends. How wrong he was became clear shortly thereafter.

Scene Five: Wally reappeared at Watchfield Festival in a field green car with military markings, no number plates or anything. He was walking and driving around and they wouldn't stop him. Because he was already dead. They'd broken him with their liquid coshes and zombie drugs. Watchfield wasn't much of a festival either, for the same reasons as Stonehenge Two; big but boring. Even the Bishop of Reading turned up, the highlight of the festival for me was some lunch-out accusing this mitred and robed figure of being Thames valley undercover drug squad!

Scene Six: I was in Leamington with Wally Phil when I heard Wally was dead. We split, Phil wanted to go anywhere but Amesbury, but after twice drawing a blank at places Phil went I insisted we go to Amesbury. I bought a paper and looked at Wally's face that I'd never see in the flesh again, We got to Amesbury and no-one seemed to give a shit (the police had been round to demoralise them with tales of Wally choking on his own vomit, not true). Wally was dead and so were the Wallies. These hardcore, elite troops of the New Age were totally disinterested. The Sun may as well never rise. I hear Crass got paranoid after wally's death and burnt all his papers. The man was not Jesus, but all his friends betrayed him. See, Crass can point to Wally and call him a martyr for Anarchy. But he was no anarchist, he was a hero, a sun god, a king. he had charisma, he had vision. he also had an Achilles heel, like all sun-gods he had to be crucified. His weak spot was his humanity, he was one human being, only one. Like Jesus his disciples betrayed him and forgot the message. Like Lenin and Hitler (and so unlike them!) his lieutenants were unreliable and selfish. He was a very bright star that burnt out the quicker for being bright. He was a brilliant flame that died for lack of tinder.

There is a message and a moral to this tale. The message is simple: The only real freedom is self-liberation, let this be the FIRST duty of all revolutionaries. Atheists don't make good revolutionaries since God is Man. As for the moral? There are several: "Don't stick your neck out if you want to keep your head" is one, " Don't mistake followers for equals" is another. "Calls to 'Fuck the System' are incitement to a sexual offence that will endanger your health "might pass for a third.

No, the moral is simpler than that: TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL AND TO KEEP SILENT.

Wally Jake - aka - Jake Stratton-Kent.

The Wally king is found dead

By ALAN GORDON

HIPPIE Wally Hope, who founded the sun - worshipping commune of Wallies, is dead.

Wally, 28, was found dead at Ongar, Essex, where he had been living in a tent after his dream of building a new "Garden of Eden" at Stonehenge had collapsed.

Scores of young hippies flocked to join him when he set up camp on Salisbury Plain eighteen months ago.

But the Wallies, who worshipped sixty gods, were evicted from their tents and makeshift shacks.

Last night police were trying to establish how the Wally leader—whom they knew also as Phillip Russell—had died.

THE Wallies of Wessex who set up home at Stonehenge were still smiling yesterday despite an eviction order.

A High Court judge told them to quit Britain's oldest ruin which they have occupied since Midsummer's day.

But last night the cheerful peace-loving Wallies—about 50 of them all call themselves Wally vowed to stay put.

"We will fight with love," man explained Wally Arthur.

"We love everyone including the bailiffs and the police."

Sir Walter Wally, Wally Egypt, Wally Fritz, Wally Clarence and other Wallies met Mr Justice [illegible] in chambers.

He ruled that the Department of Environment was entitled to demand their removal from Stonehenge.

The Wallies adopted their name at a pop festival on the Isle of Wight. Wally was the name of a dog and seemed suitably anonymous.

Judge

Wally Arthur said at Stonehenge: "We won't move.

"This is God's land and God is our judge.

"God is all power, man."

The Wallies said they felt the judge sympathised with the philosophy.

WALLIES TO FIGHT WITH LOVE

THE WALLIES of Stonehenge are 100 per cent. good, a judge said yesterday. But the 60 Wallies, who abhor drugs and free sex must leave their "homeland" he decided.

The exodus of the self-styled "laughing Rock and Roll" religious movement was ordered by Mr Justice STOCKER in the High Court.

He granted the Department of the Environment a possession order on the Wallies encampment at Stonehenge. If they do not go, the bailiffs will move in to eject them.

But the Wallies are not giving up. "We will fight them with love," said Wally Arthur. "We love everybody. The bailiffs, the police, even you. We Wallies stand for love."

Everyone at their camp called Fort Wally, c/o God, Jesus, Buddha, Garden of Allah, Stonehenge Monument, Salisbury Plain, is called Wally including the three dogs they care for.

Eight wallies attended the one hour private court hearing. Afterwards, their lawyer said the judge had looked at a legal document which gave the area to the National Trust.

Wallies still hope

Wally Hope, the Wallies leader, said: "We won, we could have won whatever happened. We were playing with the ace of hearts.

"The judge told us that we were 100 per cent. good people and we were doing a good thing on behalf of this country.

"We have won because we made friends with him, with our lawyer, with you reporters. What more can you want out of life than to make friends."

Last night they were squatting on the grass and meditating at the news.

"God is all power, man" said Wally Robert. "Love, oh sweet love and peace, that's what we will use as weapons. We won't move unless it is God's will.

"This is God's land and God is our judge, not the courts."

The Wallies say they take their name from a dog which was seen running around at a pop festival on the Isle of Wight.

THE sober calm of the High Court was shattered yesterday as the Wallies of Stonehenge sought Justice.

A lady Wally called Egypt with bare feet and bells on her ankles, blew soap bubbles in the rarefied legal air and knelt to meditate.

Sir Walter Wally wore a theatrical Elizabethan doublet with blue jeans and spoke of peace and equality and hot dogs.

Kevin Wally chain-smoked through a grotesque mask and gave the victory sign to embarrassed pin-striped lawyers.

And tartan-blanketed Kris Wally — "My mates built Stonehenge" — climbed a lamp-post in The Strand outside the Law Courts and stopped bemused tourists in their tracks.

The Wallies motto is 'Everyone's a Wally; Every day's a Sun Day' — made their pilgrimage to the High Court to defend what they claimed was their squatter's right to camp on Stonehenge.

They lost. But being Wallies they claimed victory. Now they plan to move their plastic wigwam encampment off the Department of the Environment's land on Salisbury Plain. They will squat five yards away, the other side of a barbed-wire fence on common land.

The department, which is responsible for the ancient monument, successfully applied to a judge in Chambers for a possession order against the Wallies, who have called Stonehenge home since Midsummer Day.

Soft core

[illegible] about two dozen peace loving, sun worshipping Wallies — including Wally Woof the mongrel dog. Hitch-hikers thumbing their way through Wiltshire from Israel, North America, France, Germany and Scotland have swollen the numbers.

Egypt Wally wouldn't say exactly where she was from—only that she was born 12,870 years ago in the cosmic sun and had a certain affinity with white negatives.

One of the tribe's leaders, Wally Hope, was more positive. 'We are the children of God and the hope of the world,' he claimed.

WALLY HOPE

Wallies'

We've won say the Stonehenge Wallies

STRANGE hippie cult calling themselves "Wallies" claim God told them to camp at Stonehenge

THE Wallys of Wiltshire turned up in force at the High Court today. There was Kris Wally, Alan Wally, Fritz Wally, Sir Walter Wally, Wally Egypt and a few other wandering Wallys.

TEMPLE PRESS REVIEWED BY STEPHEN SENNITT

THE STARLIT MIRE by James Bertram and F. Russell with ten drawings by Austin O. Spare; Temple Press 1989; ISBN 1 - 871744 - 00 - 8 (Hardback, limited edition of 500 copies) £32.00

Ironically, most people will buy this volume because of the drawings by Spare which, although they are very fine and certainly add to the over all attractiveness of the book, are perhaps the least interesting thing about it. Much more valid is the intricate substance of the text, a vivid and relentless succession of acidly clever aphorisms of Nietzschean proportions, each statement the provocateur of hours of intensive meditation, all the more clever because of the initial similarity to Wilde's or Bierce's comparitively superficial attempts at this highly concentrated, most difficult form. The difference in THE STARLIT MIRE is in the setting provided by the prologue entitled "warning", which, in describing Satan, that most ancient "worm", and his ascent into and subsequent descent from, God-head, the tone of the rest of the book is set, revealing an almost sinister inner-meaning to phrases otherwise merely witty or clever.

This is a beautiful facsimile of the first edition of 1911. Temple Press Ltd. are to be congratulated for making this most profound work available again.

THE STRATAGEM AND OTHER STORIES by Aleister Crowley; Temple Press 1990; ISBN 1 - 8871744 - 10 - 5; (Hardback) £10.50

This slim volume contains four stories by that most famous arch-occultist Crowley: "The Stratagem"; "The Testament of Magdalen Blair"; "His Secret Sin", and a previously unpublished fragment entitled "Which things are an allegory", which has not surprisingly remained unpublished all these years because it is an execrable piece of work, not worthy of Crowley's name.

Not so with the three fully fleshed-out stories, the best of which is the clever and amusing "The Stratagem", a story typically Crowleyan in wit and execution. Less original, though equally profound, is the lengthy "Magdalen Blair", in which Crowley takes a leaf from the works of Edgar Allan Poe. "His secret sin" is an amusing little tale of an Englishman abroad, and is again typical of Crowley, displaying his usual harsh lampooning of the English temperament.

All in all, this is perhaps a book for Crowley completists only. The material is interesting, but hardly awe-inspiring and one is led to wonder why Temple Press chose to reissue this particular volume - whether containing new material, or not - in favour of more interesting works by Crowley. Finally, the presentation is excellent, but one wonders whether the dust jacket illustration is exactly relevant (and one also wonders whose idea it was to insert an advert for T.O.P.Y as an appendix).

THE CORRECT SADIST by Terence Sellers; with six illustrations by Genesis P. Orridge; Temple Press 1990; ISBN 1 - 871744 - 05 - 9 (Hardback) £12.50

As a book supposedly in the tradition of Sade, Masoch and Mirbeau (whose stupendous THE TORTURE GARDEN Re-Search Press has recently reissued), THE CORRECT SADIST has little to offer by way of advancement in the genre of "S & M eroticism", remaining firmly in the shadow of its more extreme, more provocative, more thought-inspiring predecessors. This is a shame, because from

the dust cover notes and the concise introduction, one is led to believe Terence Sellers has pushed the form further, when in fact, quite objectively (I'm thinking of Sade's dismayingly honest 120 DAYS OF SODOM, here,) this is obviously not the case. I believe it would have been more appropriate to present the book as a more or less run of the mill "wanking" novel for people who like that sort of thing, but then again, I'm against intellectualising sex per se, because I believe it's the doing of it that's important and exciting - just as the reading about it is - without the misguided necessity of intellectually justifying it beforehand. That said, and quite apart, THE CORRECT SADIST is a very entertaining, amusing study of sexual behaviour that will come as quite an eye-opener to some.

What are Genesis P. Orridge's "Thee Tarot Ov Abomination" illustrations supposed to be? Now that would have made an interesting essay, relating, as the designs apparently do, to "reversed" aspects of the traditional trump cards. How this ties in with the text would have made very interesting reading. The illustrations themselves are collages, quite well executed, but not particularly thrilling compositions on the whole. The over all presentation of the book is, once more, as we have come to expect from Temple Press, excellent.

TALES FROM SESQUA VALLEY by Wilum Hopfrog Pugmire, available from SARCOPHAGUS PRESS, 5 Parkfield Mount, Beeston, Leeds, LS11 7PB £3.00/$5.00 (Please make cheques payable to P.J. Smith * U.S. Orders cash only.)

This, the third publication from Sarcophagus, is of the same high standard as Sennitt's XENOS and Falorio's LOST SOULS. Peter Smith's excellent cover illustration of the ominously imposing, twin peaked Mount Selta, sets the scene with a melodramatic perfection for the stories inside.

Whilst following in the Cthulhu Mythos tradition, Pugmire's stories also have a personal quality and wit which sets them simultaneously apart from the works of other writers in the genre. The five stories, all of which are set in the shadowy, nefarious and strangulating valley, explore its oppressive genius loci. This is particularly evident in the story "A Piece of Stone", but in general all the stories relate bizarre occurrences involving friends and strangers to the valley. My favourite stories in the collection were "Totem Pole" and "Swamp Rising", both of which had an atmosphere of subtle, ancient malevolence. Throughout the book the sense of forboding and a morbid, peculiarity of spirit produced for me a most enjoyable and entertaining read.

JOHN BEAL

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION by Andre Breton and Paul Eluard. ATLAS PRESS, 1990; ISBN 0 - 947757 - 22 - 8; (Paperback) £5.00

This is the first English translation of an important Surrealist work first published in 1930. It is undoubtably superb, standing out clearly as one of the most profoundly effective writings to come out of the Surrealist movement, and, for that matter, 20th century literature generally.

Equalled only in intensity by psychotic passages in Antonin Artaud's diaries and letters, THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION is a manuscript of first-hand automatic writing; a somnambulistic journey into deep dream and stark nightmare; oneiric passages so breathlessly beautiful it makes the reader ache with nostalgic

longing. Fleeting dream-memories and phantom emotions are (literally) magickally evoked, particularly in the first section, "Man", which, though perhaps less well-known than the more famous section, "The possessions", seems to dredge the subconscious deeps more successfully, flooding the reader with remote, only half-realised emotions. In fact, it is this peculiar, intangible effect that makes THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION so effective.

Breton said that the aim of this work was to "resolve the antinomy between reason and madness". I can think of no greater intention than this whereby true genius is revealed.

STEPHEN SENNITT

OPIUM AND THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION by Alethea Hayter; Crucible 1988; ISBN 1 - 85274 - 014 - 0. (Paperback.) £7.99

Reissue of a recognised classic in the field of 19th century literary studies, completely revised and updated with new material. This book was first published in 1968 before the vogue in the study of dream- and fantasy- inspired fiction, and thus does not contain material relating to later exponents of this style, such as Shiel, David Lindsey or Aleister Crowley. Authors who <u>are</u> studied are done so from a more or less purely academic viewpoint, but the opinions expressed remain sympathetic where this is relevant, and throughout, incisive.

Studied in depth are De Quincey (of course, synonymous with opium because of his famous CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER); Coleridge (Whose "Kubla Khan" is examined thoroughly); Wilkie Collins; Poe and Baudelaire - the latter two coupled together more by a recognition of their common muse, melancholia, than by more obvious reasons, such as Baudelaire's translation of Poe's COMPLETE WORKS.

Set against the background of artistic excess and hopelessness in the context of 19th century drug addiction, Althea Hayter's study makes for compulsive reading; the more so as this excellent volume has recently become remainded at only £3.99.

STEPHEN SENNITT

"Sir, this gentleman found a Satanic message in his alphabet soup."

TOWARDS THEE INFINITE BEAT, BEYOND THEE INFINITE BEAT (RAVEMASTER MIX), ALBUMS BY PSYCHIC TV.

The last thing I heard by this lot was the 12" UNCLEAN, a rather menacing track with only a chorus. These albums are certainly different from the PTV I remember, as with all PTV output; the black humour is present. Which, more than often is missed by the listener. This humour, for me, is where PTV meet Thee Temple, it's so clearly their style." It's under your nose they all scream".

The title track INFINITE BEAT starts with the statement "There are only 23 words" - most of those here are from Hubbard's cult of engrams, plus there's a few anti-engrams thrown in for good measure. BLISS is a brilliant track about Gen's mentor Brion Gysin and features The Master Musicians of Jajouka, it's a wicked piece of mixing acid with the mantra like music of the Jajouka. It ends with a telephone message from one of Brion's friends telling Gen that Brion passed away in the night, very sad. S.M.I.L.E. is my favourite track here, with floating mesh guitar, a soothing violin, a pumping back beat and the ripple like vocals of Gen. Beyond thee infinite beat is, as it say's remixes, and if anything - it's more danceable, if such a thing is possible. I look forward to seeing these songs live, but until then these will do nicely.

TREVOR RIVERS

THE SUN AT NIGHT, A NOVEL BY ROGER WILLIAMS,121pgs ISBN-0 9620218-1-4. Vann Press $6.95

Just listen to this (?). "This is a good read"- Chaos International. "A damned good effort and nice little read" - Aquarian Arrow. Either I've read a completely different book or they both got £20 notes as book marks. The plot is so boring it hurts. The scenes are about as descriptive as a doctors prescription. The best way to describe this is, Enid Blyton meets Dennis Wheatly in a car crash and they both tragically survive.

PAUL SEAL

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TOUCHED BY FIRE, techniques of modern shamanism, volume three by Phil Hine. £1.80 from Pagan News address.

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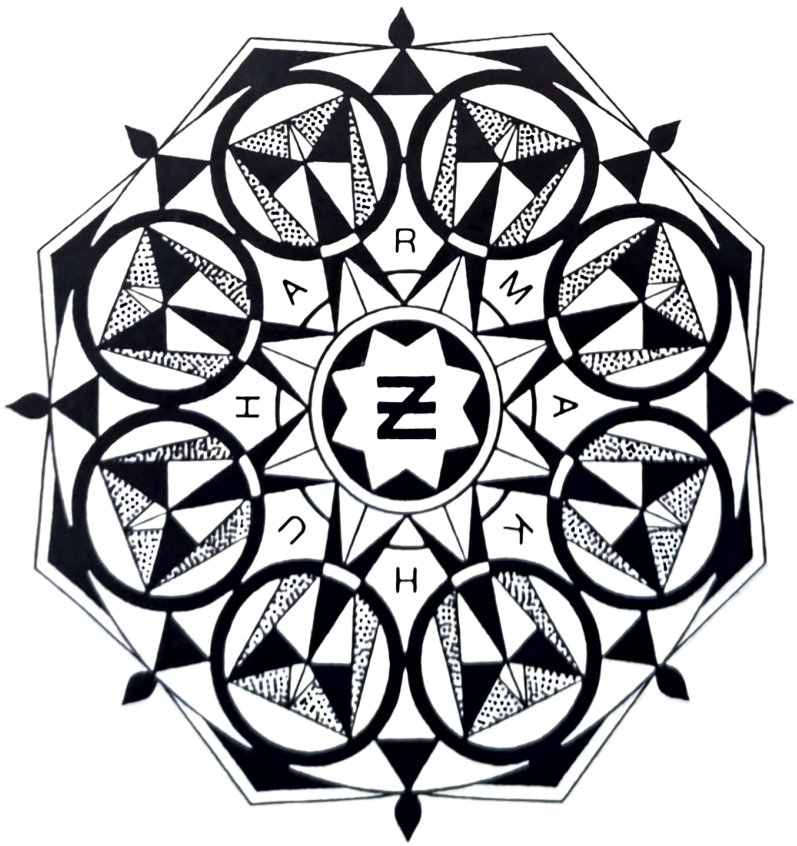
This volume reads like extracts from Phil's book of shadows, mapping out his own experiences, reflections and 14yrs of magickal background. well worth £1.80 and well worth reading.

STEWART HOMES

ELECTRIC FIREFLIES, from Grim, 41 Oxford road, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 2EG. Send a first class S.S.A.E and two first class stamps.

No-one else could have produced this magazine, its got Grim written all over it, it's packed will personal obsessions and artwork, of Grim's. I personally have a soft spot for this mag because I enjoy Grim's artwork and share some of his taste for 'occult' music. If you were unlucky enough to have missed Shamans Drum, then you shouldn't miss this.

MALCHICK NOSTRA



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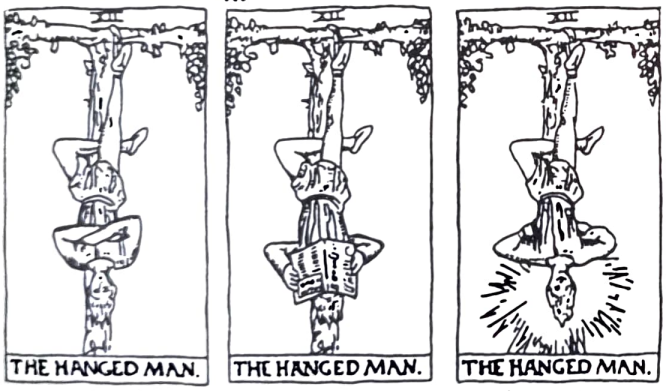

...refreshes the parts other magazines do not reach!

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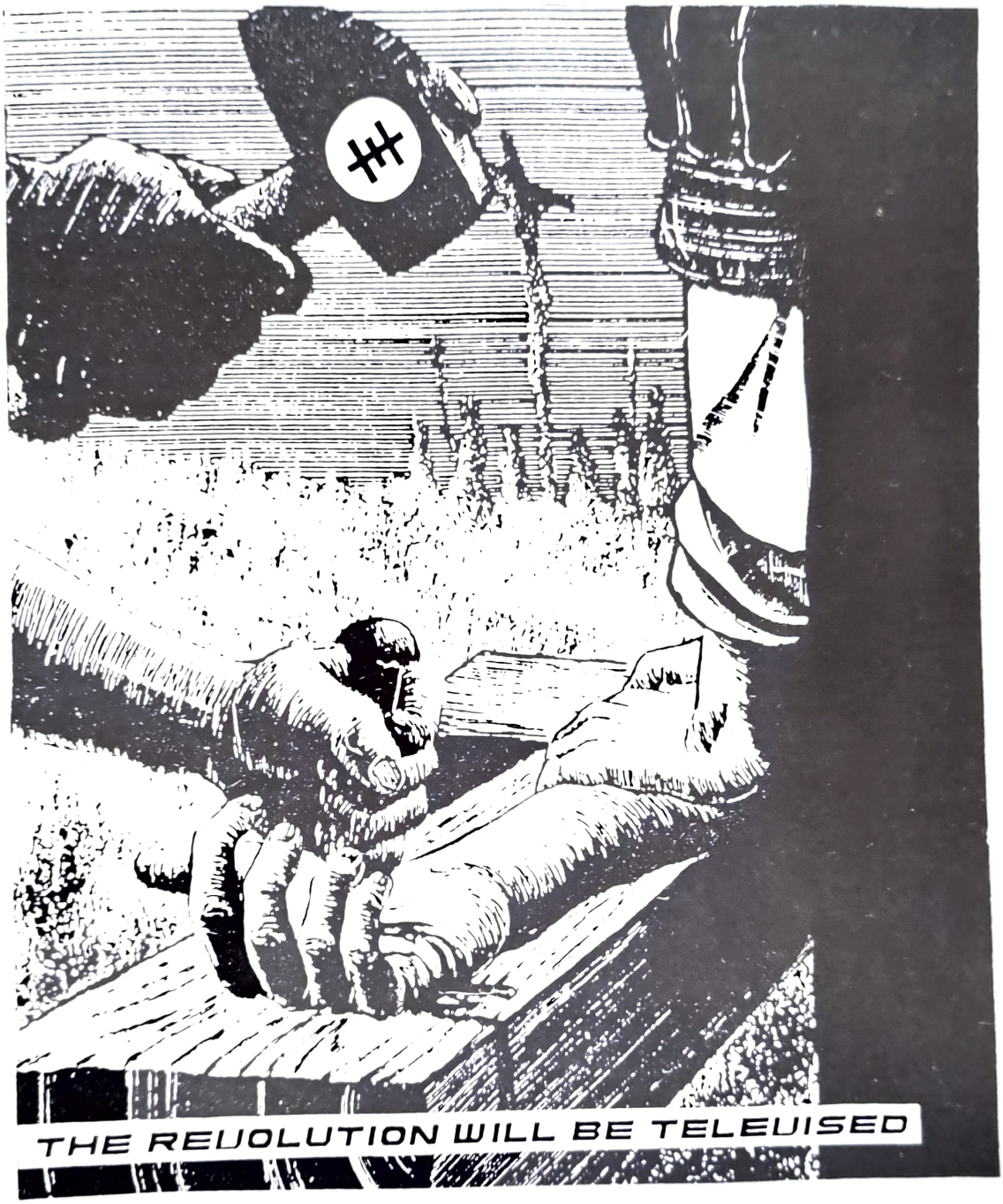

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